

THE HUMILIATION
OF CHRIST



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THE HUMILIATION OF CHRIST

Five Sermons

PREACHED BY FIVE BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH PRESIDING AT AS MANY ANNUAL CONFERENCES OF THE SOUTHWEST KANSAS CONFERENCE.

By

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*Members of the Southwest
Kansas Annual Conference.*



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TO THE
Pastors Emeritus
OF THE SOUTHWEST KANSAS CONFERENCE IS
THIS VOLUME PRAYERFULLY
DEDICATED.

NOTE FROM THE MANAGER.

WE are greatly indebted to Rev. James C. Hall, D. D., for his kind help in writing the Introduction for this book. Also Rev. A. O. Ebright, D. D., D. S., Rev. W. V. Burns, D. S., Rev. D. M. Yetter, D. D., Rev. W. T. Ward, Rev. H. C. Woodward, Rev. E. G. Osen, and Rev. W. E. McPheeters have rendered valuable service in the arranging and work of this volume. We also highly appreciate the kindness with which our Bishops have given their consent to the use of their sermons for this worthy cause, that of our "Pastors Emeritus."

We trust that this book may be a blessing to all who may read it and a substantial aid to our Beloved Fathers.

WILLIAM M. BLOOD.

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INTRODUCTION.

IT is the purpose of this unpretentious volume to preserve for the general public, and especially for the members of this Conference, a series of sermons which have been delivered in consecutive years by the Bishops presiding at the annual sessions of the Southwest Kansas Conference. These discourses were not prepared by those who delivered them with any view or thought of publication, hence are more valuable as examples representing the average work of the speaker. The Methodist Church has been peculiarly fortunate in the selection of its Bishops, inasmuch as from the beginning they have been not only men of high spiritual attainment, but men of unusual pulpit ability and executive force; so that, no matter who, from the twenty or more of their number, was sent to preside over a Conference, the members of that Conference were certain of the inspiration of eloquent speech. This may seem to be a small matter to some, but to those who know the power of a clear presentation of truth and the force of impassioned address, it will be regarded as somewhat to be coveted. Life, and especially young life, is a series of pivotal events

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upon which destiny turns, and not infrequently young men receive through the discourses and influences of an Annual Conference impulses that shape the intellectual bent and style of their ministry.

They may not be conscious of the influence at the beginning, and may perhaps never be able to name the source, but the touch of the master-hand is there, and in a few instances, if the ideal should be crystallized into visible form, the figure of him who gave it would be easily recognized. It is not for me even to guess at the permanent value of these discourses, but if the impression made in their delivery be any measure of their influence, they have not been unfruitful, and they will be read again with pleasure and profit by those who heard them. They are not published, however, solely for the re-reading of our ministerial brethren, but that those who see them for the first time may catch the glow of the thought and be by them enabled to share in the joys and privileges they portray.

These sermons appear in this volume by the consent of the authors as stenographically reported and published in our *Conference Daily*, and are sent out in the interests of our "Pastors Emeritus," and all the profits from the sale of this book will go to their aid.

REV. JAMES C. HALL, D. D.

Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

I.

“HUMILIATION OF CHRIST.”



BISHOP HENRY W. WARREN, D. D.

“HUMILIATION OF CHRIST.”

TEXT: “*Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.*” HEB. 2:17.

I deal only with the clause, “Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren.”

This is the epistle of the Hebrews to the Christian Jews and the Jews that expected Christ. The Jews believed in God tremendously; they reckoned that He was the main feature in all their achievement, personal and national, from the time Miriam leaped and sang along the shores of the Red Sea, “The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and rider He hath overthrown in the sea,” clear down in all their history, the conflicts with the King of Bashan and the rest of them—they reckoned God the main feature in their achievements.

So the Gospel begins with the most unapproachable description of the divinity, eternity, omnipotence of Jesus Christ: “Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of Thy hands; they shall

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perish, but Thou remainest, and they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed, but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.” Now, after this unapproachable description of almighty and eternity of Christ, they came to believe that He was born of their flesh, so that He might be a daysman between the earth and heaven, between God and man, to which the rest of the epistle is devoted, so that, coming after this description of divinity, is this statement, that in all things He was “made like unto His brethren.” Was He? What happens to men—all men? They are born; they grow, study hard if they are ever going to be good for anything, and work if they are at all like God; are misunderstood by their friends if they are much larger; maligned by their enemies if they do n’t want them to be better than they. All things—Christ was in all things made like unto His brethren. May Christmas echoes never die out of our skies nor our hearts nor our land until the angel song breaks out again, saying that He was born—forever glorifying motherhood and childhood!

Then He grew like any other boy, so that every child can feel the sympathy of the Lord of heaven and earth, for we have it on record that He increased in stature and wisdom, and in favor with God and man. Then, too, He studied hard; He had to commit to memory great sections of the

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Hebrew Scriptures—made the Word of God so essentially His own that in the crises of His being it was the Word of God that sprang to His lips, and not His own words. He knew that God had a promise behind His Word that is not behind any man's: "My word shall not return unto Me void; it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." So in His great temptation He answered not out of His own mind, but with the Word of God, seized the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and thrust it at Satan and turned it within him until he went shrieking and howling away from the presence of the power that had cast him and his host out of heaven.

The first thing a pious Jew teaches his child is that glorious truth named from the first word in the Hebrew: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God, and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." The first thing the Jew taught his child was without doubt the first thing that Jesus committed to memory. We should remember always that Christ was familiar with three languages: Hebrew, Greek, and Aramaic. Most of us think we have accomplished something if we have mastered fairly well one. He was familiar with three, acquired by diligent study, setting a perpetual example to every follower of His to "grow in wisdom" as well as grace. Every Chris-

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tian should be wiser to-day than yesterday; to-morrow than to-day. God has put us in His kindergarten, and left no place where you can put your finger but that He has endowed it with His infinities, like air, water, rock, earth, sky. It is the theme of His thought, and every man that is at all like Christ ought to grow in knowledge.

Take up a new science now, another a little while after. Be familiar with the skies, conversing with the stars, and saying, as you look into every gleaming face, "Oh, God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee." God's complaint of the ancient people was, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Especially is it the duty of every preacher to be a leader in thought, and be the inspiration of the intellects of the whole community, by books, by lectures, and sermons; have books to loan; keep the mind of his congregation on the growth all the while, lest it shall be said of him as well as the people, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge."

Then, too, Christ worked. Had to, if He was going to be like His Father. He was able to say, "If you can not rise to the height of My thinking, and can not accept My word, believe Me for the works, that I am the Son of God." What does God do? Everything. Grinds the earth—changes the rock and the sand to soil; He maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains; He bringeth the Amazons and the Niagaras back from the ocean to

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the mountains to go again. God is immanent in His earth—always at work. And the man that fails to be diligent in toil of some kind, has forgotten, if he ever knew it, that he is a child of God. Christ chose a lowly kind of work, that He might glorify all work. If you could go into a carpenter-shop in Nazareth and see the tools with which He wrought, you would get a new idea of the infinite patience and condescension that He had—no bench to put your work on; no “dog” to shove it against; sit on the ground; hold your lumber with two toes, or, if necessary, put it against you; and without a plane to shove, and only a draw-shave to whittle with, shape your lumber to what you design. Great patience and immense toil Christ wrought, in order that He might certify Himself to be a Son of God, a servant—“By this, Christ makes drudgery divine; who sweeps a room as for thy Lord, makes it, the act and actor, fine.” Christ works, and the curse and damnation of the children of the rich is that they are often brought up to think work is a matter despicable and not to be indulged in at all.

Nextly, Christ was misunderstood by His friends. He was too large to be comprehended by them, and so we have it on record, “Neither did His brethren believe in Him.”

Nextly, He was maligned by His enemies. He wanted to make them better, and they were not willing that anybody should be any better than

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they were; and so when He sought to raise their realm of thought, their outlook into the providence of God, their view of the great thoughts of God, they spurned Him, and they said: "We know that this man is a sinner. How can a man, a sinner, do such things? The devil helps Him." And so they maligned Him, got every possible accusation against Him, accused Him of lying and herding with publicans and sinners, and alluding to that blessed birth of His, wherein divinity and humanity join so intimately—the absolute necessity for a product of such a life as that birth, they could not understand—they sneered at Him, saying, "Well, *we* were not born of fornication." And so Christ had to bear all of these slings and arrows of outrage, and the words of enemies; but they fell from the perfect purity of His white armor, un-harming Him at all. So Christ was tempted, tried, in every point like as we are, yet, blessed be God, without sin. So that we may say, any man may say when he is tempted, "I shall not be tempted above that I am able to bear," with God's help, for in the time of temptation God will make a way of escape, that he and God together may be able to bear it.

Then, lastly under this head, He died. All the loneliness, all the scorn of men, all the seeming desertion of God, and all the agony that ever came to any writhing human body, all the pains of battle-fields, of fever-beds where sick men toss, were His.

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He endured death and passed through the gates of death as all men do, and came back the other way to show that His life is so high and strong and pure that death can not touch it—it can only shred away the garments of flesh, but the real life goes through the gates both ways without harm.

Well, in this human array of circumstances, how did Christ bear Himself? As an example and inspiration to us? Well, what is essential to be a man, anyhow? What do women love and what do men regard highly, and what do men desire the reputation of when they know that they have not the real article? What is essential to one who is a son of God, made in the divine image, and endowed with new dominion—what must we have? Courage, bravery. Was Christ brave in our human sense? Assuredly. You remember His going down to Jerusalem in the beginning of His ministry—no aureole about His head, no following as yet; but He went into the temple hungry to be in the presence of God—as you came here this morning, I trust—desirous of being where the divine Shechinah shone—showing God revealed, like to Moses in the burning bush and standing on holy ground—and He came into the temple and heard the lowing of cattle, cooing of doves on sale, chink of money-changers' tables, and it jarred His serene soul, and He turned to the people and said, "You ought not to bring these things in the temple of God." And they said, "Hum, you 'tend to your

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business' and we will 'tend to ours.' " And when He argued with them still further, they just showed Him the license of the mayor and alderman—I mean the chief priests—authorizing them to do business in that place. And when He found He could do nothing with them by argument, He went away in the corner and braided Him a scourge of ropes—let us not think it was small cords: that is one of the infelicities of our translation. He meant business, and He came out with that strong peasant arm of His and laid it on the backs of those howling, shrieking men, and they went away even without gathering up the money, and He overturned the tables of the money-changers and said to them that sold doves, "Take these things hence; it is written, My Father's house shall be called the house of prayer for all nations, and ye have made it a den of thieves." Oh, how brave it was in a human sense!

When He came up to Nazareth, where He had been brought up, those brethren did not believe in Him and said, "Ah, we hear great things of you down in Capernaum; do things here that we have heard of; do them here among us, and then we will believe in you." He knew they would not; He knew they had not the co-operating faith—God and man working together. Christ the Infinite walked this earth, but He sought the help of man at the first miracle in Cana of Galilee. He might have made the water wine in the goblets

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on the table, or the wine without any water; but He wanted the servants to have the joy of sharing in that work divine. They filled the waterpots; “then the conscious water saw its God and blushed to wine.” And then He had them draw the wine out to bear it to the governor of the feast, and to others, so that the servants should share in the miracle. He had five thousand to feed, and He chose a small boy to assist in the great work of feeding five thousand. That boy had a couple of biscuits and a few sardines, and he brought them in his tender love to the hungry Christ, and Christ took them, as He always does everything that we offer. Then He multiplied them, without any doubt in my mind; the first piece He broke off He gave to that boy, and He fed on angel-food, instead of the barley bread that the poor people ate. He chose human assistance—four men to bring a sick man and let him down. Christ could have gone to the man’s house; but He wanted the four men blessed. And when Christ spoke the words that should bring the body of Lazarus, tied hand and foot, out of the grave, He could have rolled away the stone with the same powerful word; but He wanted men to share in the glory, and feel that they had worked together with God. So that He wrought with men. So, too, when He was here in Nazareth they had not the co-operating faith. He told them so, illustrated it out of their history—many widows were in Israel in the time of Elisha

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the prophet, but unto none of them the prophet went, save one, and that one in Sidon, a widow there. Many lepers were in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet, but none of them he helped, save a Gentile, a Syrian. And the people gathered around him and hustled him away to a precipice, to hurl him down, and he turned on them, one brave man against a hundred cowards, and passed through unharmed.

Then, when the time of His death came, He was in Perea, over the other side of Jordan—knowing that His hour was come when He should return to the Father, and having loved His own, loved them, not as our poor translation says, to the end—end of what? He loved them not only to the end of His life. Jesus, knowing that His hour was come, having loved them (look in the margin, of the translation) loved them to the uttermost, the uttermost of God. He loved them to His uttermost. And it was time for Him to go up to Jerusalem, and He said, “Let us go up to Jerusalem.” And Thomas said, “Why of late the Jews sought to kill Thee, and goest Thou there again?” And He never answered a word, but walked on toward His death, until courage became contagious, and Thomas said, “No use to talk, but let us go and die with Him.”

So in His six great trials He might have saved Himself any time with a word, no doubt. Pilate labored until the going down of the sun to deliver

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Him, but He marched on with unblanched face and untrembling heart to that awful death that awaited Him. How brave He was! And if any man loves bravery, he must love the Christ; if any woman loves heroism, sublimity of devotion, she must love the Christ. No escape.

But bravery is not all of human nature; bulldogs can rise to that height. And the poet says that the bravest is always the tenderest. So it was with Christ. Oh, yes. Young mothers would creep up to Him and hold their babes, and He would take them up in His arms and put His hands upon them and bless them. I want to inquire after some of them in the world to come. What was the result of the Lord's immediate blessing of these babes? Same as for us and our babes, I am sure. Tender. You know we find Him one morning at the gate of the city of Nain, when a young man was being carried out for burial, an only son of his mother, and she a widow. And if you remember where He was the day before, you will see that He must have walked all night over the stumbling roads of Palestine and under the stars to get there at the time this only son of his mother, and she a widow, was being carried out for burial. He would walk all night now for any of you, only He doesn't have to, because He says, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and you can apply to Him without waiting all night. Coming up with this little procession, He

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reaches His hand to the mourning widow and says, "Weep not." Why; why not? He is going to take away the occasion for weeping in a minute. She sees no occasion for ceasing to weep; but He would not have her weep that extra minute; so He steps up and stops the little procession and raises the young man to life; and then most of us would have stood back to see an amazed look on the faces of the bearers and, finally, on the face of the mother. But no; so tender and gracious is He that He restores the young man to the mother and brings them together, lest she, blind with tears, should have missed one second of seeing the glory of life restored in her son. Always so.

He was standing in the crowd one day, and there came to Him Jairus, the ruler of the Jews, saying: "Master, my little daughter is sore sick and to the very point of death. Come down and heal her ere my child die." And Christ saw the despairing looks; that, while he had faith for the cure of his child, he had not co-operating faith enough for a resurrection. And He knew, too, that in the outskirts of that crowd was the messenger coming to say: "Trouble not the Master. Thy daughter is dead," and there would be a lack of faith. Just then a woman who had spent all on physicians and was no better, said, "If I may but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole." And she reached through the crowd and touched the tassel of His garment, and

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was immediately made whole. And He, looking around, said, "Who touched Me?" And the disciples said: "Who? Do n't you see how they throng and hustle about us? Everybody." But He knew that power had gone out of Him, and, looking around, He saw a woman standing straight, radiant, strong, perfect, healthy; and she, perceiving that He knew, pressed forward and fell down and told the truth; and He said, "Thy faith hath saved thee." Now, this was to help Jairus as well as the woman. So He said, "Jairus, do n't you see what faith will do, even when I was not aware?" Then comes the messenger, as Jairus' faith had grown up into assurance—came the messenger, saying, "Thy daughter is dead." Then Jesus said, "Fear not;" only believe. Do n't you see what faith will do? And so he had faith, and Jesus took his arm and went with him, and came down to the house and found a little mob around there, howling and expecting to be paid; the way they howled—that is, the way they pretended to mourn, by getting other people to yell. But He would not wake the girl in such a strange tumult as that—she would know that she had been dead, and would be a queer, strange, uncanny child in the human family. So He puts them all out, and then takes the father and mother into the room where the young child lay. See the delicacy: He would not wake the girl with strange men in her room; puts the mother where the first glance of

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the opening eye shall see the dear, bright face as on an ordinary morning; then takes the girl by the hand and says, “Talathi, cumi.” Would that we could get all from that transliteration. What did He mean? He knew that when the heart gushes with tenderness and overflows with love we use diminutive types of speech. The mother does not say, “My babe;” but, “My baby; you dear little darling, tootsey-wootsey.” She is indulging in diminutive speech. He illustrated this and, knowing the capacities of language, illustrated them in the case of the father of the prodigal and the elder son. His heart was glowing with kindness. But there is a man mad out there, and he had considerable occasion, from a human standpoint. Only when you rise into divine love can you criticise him. There he was, mad; and the father goes out, gushing with tenderness, and does not say, as our translation puts it, “Son!” That would not have helped him any, only to make him more mad. But this man’s heart, glowing with tenderness, he uses the diminutive form of speech to that great, rugged, sunburnt fellow out there. If you look in the Greek you will find it is the small child—the darling one. He actually goes out and says: “Oh, my dear little fellow, it is meet that we make merry. He was lost and is found. All I have is thine. Come in.” Of course, he had to come. So Christ chooses here the diminutive form. Some of our translations hint at it, but the real

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address is as if a Scotchman should say, "My wee lassie, come now." And the voice of such divine persuasion, thrilling with ecstasies of love, found her so suasively that she sat up. And then, lest she should remember things seen and voices heard in the other world, and be a strange child, He commanded that they give her something to eat. And the mother, holding her girl, feeding her with customary food, kissing her between mouthfuls, hugging her all the while, made a scene so natural that they never knew that she had flitted across the border and returned again. She was a human child in human arms and heart.

Christ had—being in all things made like unto His brethren, the best of them—Christ had marvelous tact. I know that there are men who go stamping around and saying, "Well, I call a spade a spade!" I don't object. If you can confine your remarks to that article, I would approve of it. You won't hurt its feelings any. But to go stamping around among the tender violets and lilies of the valley of human affection in that sort of way is not Christlike. I have alluded to the fact that there was a great diversity of opinion concerning what He was. Most minds were not large enough to grasp His greatness, and so they said, "We know this man is a sinner." And there was a division among them. And others said, "He does great works by Beelzebub, Prince of Devils." There was one man who had a little two-foot rule

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of intellect, by which he proposed to measure the infiniteness of love in Christ's character. In this case I don't think it was more than eighteen inches, or perhaps a foot-rule intellect; but he was proposing, with that little standard measurement for measuring material things, to measure spiritual and holy things. He has got some descendants in the world yet. They are not all named Simon, either. Should be, so that it would show their kind. But this man said: "I will just find out; I will make a feast, and I will invite Him in, and in the congeniality and delight of the occasion, and perhaps with a little old wine, I will keep watch and find out all about this One that the other men do n't know. I will know." You know the way they used to take their Oriental feasts; they had a table on three sides of the square; servants came in on the fourth side, the open side, and ministered directly to the plate of every one—never spilled any hot soup on your dress—came right in on the fourth side and ministered to every one. Then they did n't sit in chairs; they had couches around three sides of the table, and you reclined on the couches, feet away back, elbow on bed, chin on your palm, your best friend where you could pat him on the shoulder. And so they feast away there, reclining in that way. Simon over there keeping watch. And there came in from the rear a woman of the city—or, as we would say, a woman of the town—and, seeing the outstretched form of

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Infinite Love and remembering the words of kindness He had said to her sisters, and perhaps to herself, she burst into a flood of tears and, kneeling at the outstretched feet, let her tears fall on His feet and wiped them away with the hairs of her head. And in the ardor of her love she fell to kissing those feet, bruised in the rough ways of life for you and me, and, opening her only treasure, anointed those blessed feet with ointment, and the odor of it filled all the place. Simon, sitting over there, said: "Ah, I see. This man, if He had been a prophet, would have known what kind of a woman that was, and would have pulled up His feet or have extended them suddenly. I see." Now, Jesus might have arisen and gone out indignant from the seeming insult; but no. So He said, "Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee." "Well, say on," said Simon, very gruff in his tone. "Simon, a certain creditor had two debtors: one owed him fifty pence, and one five hundred; and when neither had wherewithal to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Now tell me, Simon, which of them do you think would love him the most?" "Oh, I suppose the one to whom he forgave most." "Simon, you and I have a common ground of judgment about some things. Simon, when I came into thy house, thou gavest me no water for My feet (neglected to give the rights of hospitality, because he was so eager about the other things); but this woman, since I came in, has wetted My feet with

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her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Simon, thou gavest Me no kiss; but this woman hath not ceased to kiss My feet. Simon, My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman anointed My feet with ointment even. Therefore I say unto her, Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee; thou hast loved much: thou art forgiven much. Go in peace, and never sin again.” And there arose a tall, straight, white soul washed clean in the forgiving love of Jesus Christ, as fit for heaven as the dying thief was—the only trophy that Christ took with Him from the cross to paradise. That little Simon over there, I suppose, was so small he didn’t know he was rebuked; that two-foot rule of his would n’t apply.

But I can not follow the blessed Christ through all His works. Let me take one more example. I ask again, what is a fit outcome for the man’s life born of God’s image, dowered with dominion over the fowl of the air, cattle of the field, fish of the sea, and besides fish, whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea, magnetism, electricity, gravitation, sunlight; dowered with all things to exercise dominion. What is the fit outcome of such a life? Not the personal littleness, growing so small that he has to be served by all these powers and a dozen or hundred other people besides, and then can simply hold a useless soul in a good-for-nothing body for a little while. No. Dowry for kindness, to give he needs to be like God, and

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bestow and shed abroad like the sun in the sky, saving, sanitary, salutary, through all the years. Perhaps some of you—I hope so—have been in St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Oh, how it rises before you, if you have! A great row of eight-foot-square columns; another great row of eight-foot-square columns; and slanting, arched over from one row to another, arched over from one side to another, to another row, and here meet the columns of another row arched over into the wall, arched over in the middle dome, where the clouds or angels might float. You walk around in absorbed amazement. Here is a tablet to some man that died for his country; there a statue—do you see them? the men who laid down their lives for kin and country; tablets, tablets, until you ask yourself, “Where is the tablet to Sir Christopher Wren, the creator of all this magnificence? Of him who made in mind all its glory before the chisel was ever put to stone?” You go to the north door of the cathedral, and you read the inscription there to Sir Christopher Wren, “If you would see his monument, look around you.” Oh, the whole immensity of this monument! and you are absorbed in the creative power of man that can bring a world so glorious in its completeness like that. But, walking down the north aisle toward the west door, you come to a monument grander even than this. There on the marble you read: “To Sir Charles George Gordon, Baronet, who always and

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everywhere gave his sympathy to the suffering, his substance to the poor, his hands to the helpless, and his heart to God.” “Oh,” you say, “that is sublime!” and you immediately review in thought his life; you remember him in China commanding the ever-victorious army which he created, and by which he put down the Tai Ping rebellion responsible for a million murders. God laid the foundation of his fame. Then you notice him elsewhere. Came home; then left home and its joys to go up the Nile to the Soudan to stanch the world’s running sore of the slave-trade, whereby thousands of men, women, and children were taken and packed in deadly ships to be taken away, unfortunate if they lived through, because going to a worse death in slavery. And Gordon went there to stanch the world’s running sore; died there at Khartum. God erected another column, as high as the skies, and arched it over with the blue of His heaven and gemmed it with His stars, and any man that sees with the mind and heart, instead of with the eye, can see the glory of the columns God erects to a man of such heroism. Where did Gordon get his ideals and inspiration? On the march or at home, in counsel or elsewhere, he carried over his heart the record of the life sublime that “in all things he was made like unto his brethren.” Time and again, coming to the tent, one found outside a white handkerchief, and knew it was a sign of no interruption, because the general was communing

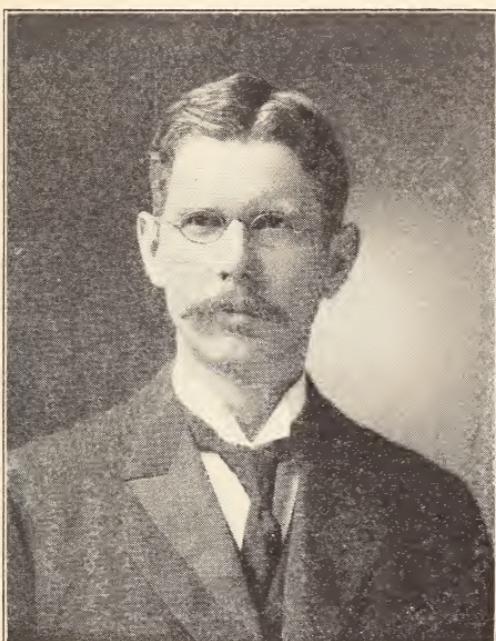
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with the Head of the armies of the earth, who rides the white horse to victory, and one of whose followers Gordon was. He caught his ideas, he caught his inspiration from the Christ, and so he lived to bless the continents and millions and millions of souls.

Oh, brethren, there are entrusted to us a hundred here, a dozen there, great congregations like this, that we, out of the thought, bravery, tenderness, and power of God, shall bless sublimely.

II.

THE STORY OF THE MAKING OF JESUS
CHRIST.



BISHOP JOHN L. NUELSEN, D.D.

THE STORY OF THE MAKING OF JESUS CHRIST.

TEXT: "*Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham.*" MATT. 1:1.

The opening words of the New Testament form in the original a heading, or a title, consisting of six nouns, with no connecting verb between them. Stately, majestically these nouns are placed one upon the other, like huge granite blocks, forming a massive portal, through which we enter into the New Testament.

The word "generation" may be used in the more restricted sense of "genealogy;" it may also be taken in the wider meaning of "beginning," or "the making of." Thus we may translate the first words of the New Testament in this wise: "The Book of the Making of Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham."

These words are not merely an introduction to the following genealogy, nor to the subsequent account of the birth of Christ, not even to the Gospel of St. Matthew. They are much more. They are the title of the whole New Testament. Even more than that: they are the briefest synopsis of the whole history of the Christian Church.

The story of the making of Jesus Christ, then.

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When did this greatest and most marvelous of all stories begin? Our text links the story of Christ to the Old Testament. The whole of the Old Testament is the preliminary chapter in the book of the making of Jesus Christ. It shows the preparation for His coming. It reveals God's way of getting mankind ready for Him. It discloses to us the complicated process by which the environment was created. The conditions were formed in which Jesus Christ commenced His work. It is the preliminary, the introductory chapter.

Then follows the record of Christ's earthly life, from His birth to His ascension, contained in the Gospels. This is the first chapter in our book of the making of Jesus Christ. The first chapter only? Is it not the whole book? No, indeed not; only part of the book; merely the first chapter.

Did you ever notice how Luke, the author of one of our Gospels, commences his second book, entitled the "Acts?" The opening words of this second book are as follows: "The former treatise [referring to the Gospel] I made, O Theophilus, concerning all that Jesus began both to do and to teach until the day in which He was received up."

You will notice Luke says that in his Gospel narrative he treated only of what Jesus began both to do and to teach, but it comprised His whole earthly life. Thus the whole of Christ's ministry on earth is merely the beginning of what Christ does. The

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Gospels are the first chapter in the book of the making of Jesus Christ.

In his treatise entitled "Acts," Luke commences the second chapter of that book. The title "Acts," or "Acts of the Apostles," was not given to the book by the author himself, but by the teachers of the Church. We might rightfully and pertinently call it "Acts of Jesus Christ by the Apostles." It contains the record of what Jesus Christ continued both to do and to teach through His apostles.

The Book of Acts is the opening paragraph in this second chapter in the great book of the making of Jesus Christ. The other New Testament books contain additional paragraphs. But the chapter does not close with the last verse of the New Testament. The whole history of the Church of Jesus Christ, through all the past centuries up to this very hour, is the record of what Christ is continuing both to do and to teach.

Not long ago I read a book entitled, "Deeds of Jesus in Our Day." Odd title, is it not? What does the book contain? Contains reports of settlement work, of rescue work, of medical work among the poor and neglected, of efforts to better the social conditions in the slums of our cities, of endeavors to stamp out ravaging diseases; and all of this, and much more, is work which Christ commenced and which His followers continue. After all, an appropriate title for a book.

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Thus the complete Christ is not yet a reality, to use another Pauline metaphor. The head is completed, but the body is still in process of being built up; is still growing, is getting stronger. We are still writing day by day, century by century, the second chapter in the book of the making of Jesus Christ.

A time will come when this chapter shall have been finished. Then a new book will be written. The book no longer of the making of Christ, but the book of the completed Christ, the account of what He does when He is in possession of His full-grown, vigorous, well-trained body. When He is no longer hampered by feeble members, by lazy, faithless, incompetent members of His body, but when His plans and commands will be executed adequately, quickly, precisely, just as the fingers of the artist are trained to carry out with faultless accuracy the ideas that fill his mind and inspire his soul.

Then we shall see upon this world the glory of the perfect Christ, and He will show the exceeding riches of His grace and majesty and glory.

Why does this introduction to the New Testament and the succeeding centuries link the story of Christ to the names of David and Abraham? These two names signify the two culmination points of the preparatory Old Testament history. They outline, as it were, the life and work of the Christ.

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Jesus Christ, the Son of Abraham. Abraham and his son are illustrations of the great law that God's thoughts are brighter than and often contrary to man's thoughts. They show what it means to walk by faith, not by sight; they exemplify a life of obedience to God's commands, and even though they be exacting and perplexing.

How is it about Abraham and his Son? When God was looking for a man whom He could use as the head of a family, then of a nation by which salvation and spiritual blessings were to come to all mankind, where did He go? Not to the seat of power and splendor, nor of learning and culture. Not to the royal palaces of Egypt and Babylon, nor to the proud priests or scholars who lived in the stately temples. God went to a tribe of humble Oriental nomads and selected a plain member of the tribe for this exalted work. One of the first farmer's boys who rose to distinction in the Kingdom of God. And when the time had come that the great Son of Abraham, the Redeemer and Savior of the whole world, should be born, where did God go? Not to Rome, the mistress of the world, the capital of the great empire; not to Athens, the renowned seat of culture and learning and wisdom and art; not to Alexandria, where the capitalists of the ancient world, the Rockefellers and Carnegies of that time lived. He went to a comparatively obscure province of the empire, and there, in Palestine, we need not look for the Son of Abraham.

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in the palace of the king nor in the residence of the high priest; in vain we search the capital city of Jerusalem. Where do we find Him? In little Bethlehem; in a stable. Some ragged shepherd boys are standing around the crude manger, gazing at the little Babe.

Not the son of emperor or king; not the son of a famous scholar or inventor; not the son of a multimillionaire; not the child of wealth or fame; it was the son of the wife of a common laborer who was the Savior of the human race.

Again. How was it about the birth of the Son of Abraham? You know Abraham had received the promise from God that in him and his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed. Then God bids him go out and try to count the numberless stars that shone so brilliantly in the clear Eastern night. Abraham tries it. But he soon gives it up. He can't do it. And now he hears the voice of God saying, "So shall thy seed be."

Now, Abraham was over a hundred years old, and Sarah, his wife, was ninety. They had no child, and according to all the laws of nature this earthly joy was to be denied them. The son of Abraham was a son of promise, was a gift of the Lord God Almighty, who is above what we call the laws of nature, who marshals and directs the forces of the universe according to His own good will.

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Behold the great Son of Abraham! Born of a virgin; the Son of God. The natural laws of heredity and environment are not sufficient to explain His work and His influence in the history of the race. Take any of the great leaders of mankind; study the history of their times; find out their parentage; discover what traits they inherited from their ancestors; make yourself familiar with the influences of home, of their early training; study their surroundings, the tendencies of the times, the social and political influences; their opportunities; the demands made upon them, and you have the key to the secret of their achievements.

Jesus Christ is the only one who baffles all explanation. Neither the religion of the Jews at His time, nor the culture of the Greeks, nor the superstitions of the Egyptians, nor the statesmanship of the Romans, nor the sagacity of the Babylonians, have created the environment which might have produced Jesus Christ. The closer you get to Him, the more you study the impress which His words and His deeds have stamped upon the human race, the more you realize the immensity of spiritual forces which have emanated from Him and are ever multiplying and becoming more vigorous and intense, the more bewildered you are.

Jesus Christ is the one fact in the history of the world that can not be explained by physical or psychical or historical laws. What think ye of

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Christ? Whose Son is He? Two thousand years nearly have passed since this question was first propounded, and still the answer to it divides men into two great classes. Tell me what you think of Christ, and you tell me whether you believe in a living, powerful, yea, omnipotent God, who is greater than man's limited understanding, greater than nature's iron laws; a God who is able to reach down into human life, saving, elevating, transforming, guiding, glorifying it, or whether you believe in aught but cold, soulless, relentless, cruel laws of nature, impelled by dire necessity, laws that crush you between their wheels.

One more thought: Did you ever look upon Abraham and his son as splendid illustrations of faithful obedience? Jehovah said to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house into the land than I will show thee." Where was that land? Abraham did not know. Was it fertile? Was it beautiful? Abraham had no idea. But there was the command of God, and Abraham heeded it. He went. He was the first of the long line of pilgrim fathers, of those true heroes who left everything behind that is dear and precious to the heart of man, in order to be true to the voice of God within the soul.

And when he had reached the land of promise he was a stranger. All the days of their lives Abraham and his son were strangers in the prom-

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ised land. They owned but the one small plot of ground where Sarah was buried. They suffered hunger and thirst, were vexed by hostilities and wars. Only by faith did they claim this land as theirs and their children's own.

Then the greatest test of all came. Listen again to what God said to Abraham, "Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest, even Isaac, and get thee into the land of Moriah and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

What was that? Abraham was to slay his son? The son of God's promise? What was to become of God's promises? Was his God just as cruel as the gods of the surrounding tribes? Was there after all no difference between Jehovah and the idols? There were a great many perplexing questions to which Abraham could find no answer. But he did not wait till he had found an answer. He was obedient to God's voice. He took his son, and together they made that long and sad journey of three days and three nights. Then, when they reached the mountain top, the son of Abraham realized what it all meant. He knew that he himself must be slain as a sacrifice. Now, Abraham was an old, trembling man. His son was in the vigor of his youth. It would have been easy for him to push his father aside and knock him down. But the son of Abraham was also obedient. Quietly those two men, brave and true and strong,

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finished the preparations for the dreadful sacrifice. A magnificent illustration of obedience even unto death.

And there is the great Son of Abraham. We see Him in the temple courts watching the priests and the people. This was His Father's house. These priests were really His servants. Those crowds ought to worship Him. He walked through the streets of the capital city. This was His own city. There stands the palace of the king. It was by rights His palace. Up and down He wanders all through the country. The villages and valleys, the fields and hills, the rivers and lakes; they all belonged to Him. To Him they were given as His rightful dominion.

He came into His own, but they that were His own received Him not. He had no place where to lay His head. A poor, homeless, rejected, despised rabbi, He was finally cast out and handed over by the highest authorities of His own people to the foreign conquerors to be put to death. The few followers forsook Him and fled in the time of peril.

By faith only the Son of Abraham could claim this fair land and the kingdom of the world as His own.

And the Son of Abraham must die. Is n't this one of the strange, paradox occurrences in history? How much Jesus might have done for humanity! He was the sublime pattern of a perfect ethical life; the personification of holiness, the incarnation

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of perfect love to God and man. Why should He die?

He was endowed to teach great truths and to do great deeds. He was a physician who was really able to heal the sick; He was a man who understood the laws of nature and had control over them; He was a social reformer who could allay the need and distress and wipe out poverty. Imagine for a moment what Jesus might have done for the physical advancement of the race, had His public ministry covered thirty or sixty years, instead of three short years? Had He initiated His disciples into some of the secrets of the universe; had He stamped out some of the ravaging diseases?

But no. He who embodied in His personality more possibilities for the immediate and rapid progress of humanity than all the millions who drew the breath of life at that time, He was to die upon the cross: an accursed blasphemer and malefactor.

This is one page in the book of the making of Jesus Christ.

It is, however, not the last page. Jesus Christ is also the son of David. Who was David? What did he and his son do?

David and his son were the first kings after the heart of God. There were centuries of anarchy after the death of Joshua, when every man did what seemed good in his own eyes. Then the

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people had a king after their own heart. Saul was then followed by David.

He was the first to unite the tribes which for centuries had been jealous of each other, had been divided against each other, had been, on account of their enmities and strifes, the easy prey of the surrounding nations. Under the strong reign of King David these warring tribes were welded into one nation, under one ruler, united by the strong bonds of a common religion, a common history, and a common hope for the future.

David conquered the various enemies which for centuries had harassed the twelve tribes. They now feared the King of Israel and acknowledged his supremacy. His reign was pre-eminently characterized by expansion and imperialism. His dominion extended from the snow-clad mountains in the north to the sun-scorched deserts of Arabia. The power and the wisdom of the son of David were known even among far away tribes, and the Queen of Sheba came to listen to the wisdom of Solomon.

For the first time in the history of the nation the law of Jehovah was made the statute law of the land. The whole life of the nation in the social and political aspect was to be governed by the will of Jehovah.

Moreover, David gathered the material for the building of the temple; the habitation of Jehovah,

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whose God would meet His people and reveal Himself in mercy and in power.

Again I ask you to behold the great Son of David. Who is He? He is the King after the heart of God.

For centuries we have been experimenting with all kinds of governments: patriarchal, tribal, absolutistic, monarchal, republican; we have tried monarchies, oligarchies, democracies. We have framed constitutions and, finding them defective, have amended or overthrown them. But when mankind is through with experimenting, we shall find out that the only government which is really suited to all the manifold needs of human society, the only government that can give peace and prosperity and can satisfy the demands of fairness and equity is the government that recognizes Jesus Christ, the Son of David, as the Supreme King, and His Word as the highest law.

For centuries the various nations of the globe have looked upon each other as enemies, and have waged war against one another. Every page in the book of universal history is stained with the blood of innocence, is filled with the accounts of conquests, of slaughter, of suffering. To-day the great nations of the world are maintaining large armies, are training their young men in the art of killing other children of the same Heavenly Father, are straining their resources to build and equip

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more and larger fighting machines on land, on sea, and in the air.

Is this state of affairs to continue as long as there is a human race? Will the history of mankind ever present a different spectacle? Oh, we are writing the history of the making of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace. It is He who will unite all tribes and kindred nations and kingdoms and empires in His own great universal Kingdom of Peace. He will eventually be Judge between nations and will decide concerning many peoples, as the seer of old has prophesied, "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they have war any more."

It is true, and we have every reason to be grateful for it, the generation which is growing up in our blessed country has not seen the terrors of war, and may God grant that it will never see them. But is there peace in our own land? Is there righteousness? I read of injustice; of greed and sharp dealings. I hear of graft and corruption; I see men and women, and even children, toiling and struggling to make some sort of a wretched living; the papers tell us of robberies on the highways and robberies on the stock exchange.

Is there peace in this fair land of ours? Centralized capital has erected mighty fortresses; organized labor has formed well-disciplined armies.

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A keen student of the times not very long ago observed that the coming conflict, more cruel and bloodier than the wars of the nations, will be the fight between capital and labor.

Is this ever to be thus? Will the march of human society never be free from class hatred, from the curse of greed, from brutal and dastardly deeds in low dives as well as in marble palaces? Are we to rise upward only by trampling down those who are weaker and less fortunate? Is there a solution to the social question?

Ah, we are studying; nay, we are writing day by day the book of the making of Jesus Christ, the Son of David. Who is the Son of David? Listen once more to the voice of the ancient seer of God's thoughts and speaker of God's plans: "With righteousness shall He judge the poor and decide with equity for the meek of the earth." Let us give heed to the prayer which the Master Himself taught us to pray: "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is being done in heaven." Now, what does this mean, if it means anything? It is either a cant phrase, or it expresses the strong and inspiring expectation, that the King truly will come to take possession of His own, that we shall see a state of affairs in this world of ours where His holy and righteous will shall be the highest law.

Can you imagine our social, commercial, and civic life transformed in such a manner that it is,

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in every phase and in every respect, in harmony with the will of Jesus Christ, Son of David?

But this is the King's program. Nothing less than this is the platform upon which Christianity stands. Let us discard the narrow and utterly inadequate conception as if all that they stand for was to save some millions of souls from future damnation to a future heaven of bliss. Christ's aim is broader, greater, more comprehensive. His plans do not only relate to the future; He touches every phase of the present life. His religion is intensely practical. He came to destroy the works of darkness, to redeem this world, so that it be ruled not by selfishness and sin, but by love and holiness.

Verily, it is but the beginning which we see. But it is a beginning. We are still busy writing the book of the making of Jesus Christ. But history will come to its goal. We are not chasing after shadows. The time is coming when in the name of Jesus every knee will bow and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.

The great Son of David is building His temple. He does not use brick nor stone. He uses living stones; men, women, and children out of every nation and tribe and color and tongue are selected by the great Master-builder, and are fitted into the sanctuary. When He shall have completed it, behold the tabernacle of God with men!

The story of the making of Jesus Christ, Son

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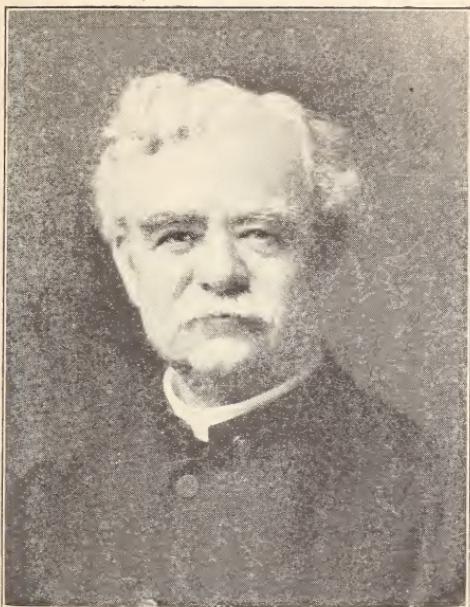
of Abraham, Son of David,—the most magnificent, the grandest, the most sublime story every written. His story is our story if we be His followers. We are children of Abraham, following in the footsteps of our Elder Brother, walking by faith, not by sight, leading a life of obedience and personal sacrifices, asking a great many questions as to the disappointments and sorrows of our lives.

But we are also sons of David, sons of the King, conquering troubles and difficulties, environment, darkness and sin, co-workers with Him in carrying out His plans.

Brother, is the story of your life part of the story of the making of Christ? When all the leaves that make up the book of your personal history shall have been filled with the record of your deeds and words and thoughts, and when death with its cold, trembling hand shall have written on its last page the word "Finis," "The End," will this book be part of the great book of the making of Jesus Christ, Son of Abraham, Son of David?

III.

CHRIST'S RELATION TO HUMAN
REDEMPTION.



BISHOP DAVID H. MOORE, D. D.

CHRIST'S RELATION TO HUMAN REDEMPTION.

TEXT: "*He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.*" ISA. 53:11.

This is the gospel in the Old Testament. We are so accustomed to the gospel in the New Testament that we are apt to forget that the books of the Old Testament also are vital with the Christ. All abound with references to Him, from the first prophecy, that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, to Malachi's prophecy, that the Lord whom we seek shall suddenly come to His temple: so true is it that the Christ of the Gospels is also the Christ of Moses, of the patriarchs, of the prophets; for He was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. "We have found Him," said Philip to Nathanael, "of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write—Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Christ's appeal was constantly to the Old Testament: "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of Me." And on the Emmaus road: "O fools, and slow of heart, to believe all that the prophets have spoken; ought not the Christ to have suffered these things, and to

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have entered into His glory? And, beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself," so that there is in the Old Testament an unbroken line of Messianic Scriptures, from Genesis to Malachi. But of them Isaiah is to the Old Testament what St. John is to the New; and Isaiah is nowhere clearer and stronger than in this fifty-third chapter, and of the fifty-third chapter our text is the very climax, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." The metaphor is at once delicate and profound. The pain and the joy of maternity are the deep and sacred mysteries of human life. Because the joy is courted, the anguish is endured. Our Savior uses the same metaphor: "A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereh no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world."

Following the analogy, let us study humbly and prayerfully, as outlined therein, "CHRIST'S RELATION TO HUMAN REDEMPTION."

Far be it from me to intimate that we have reached the ultimate mystery of the atonement. Well does Bishop Butler say: "How and what particular way it [the death of Jesus Christ] had this efficacy, there are not wanting persons who have endeavored to explain; but I do not find the Scripture has explained it. We seem to be very

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much in the dark concerning the manner in which the ancients understood atonement to be made; that is, pardon to be obtained by sacrifice. And if the Scripture has, as surely it has, left somewhat in it unrevealed, all conjecture about it must be, if not evidently absurd, yet at least uncertain. Nor has any one reason to complain for want of further information unless he can show his claim to it.” Yet the problem is so personal, so vital, so far-reaching, that men have devoutly attempted its solution. Doubtless no one theory covers the whole ground. Equally certainly every theory has at least a modicum of truth, which we do well to consider. But that one which to your speaker’s mind seems clearest and most nearly to meet all the conditions of the problem, is the so-called governmental theory, which views God in His relation of Supreme Ruler to His own creatures, whom He loves and who are in rebellion against His authority. Our text presents this relation as twofold: first, the relation of suffering; second, the relation of satisfaction: “He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.”

As to the first, there is scarcely a shade of difference among evangelical Churches: without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. The suffering of Christ was necessary to man’s salvation. Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer. Not because it was written, but because there was no other way of salvation for

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man. How emphatic the Scripture teaching! God, standing to humanity in the relation of Ruler, could not be just and yet the justifier of the guilty, unless somehow the integrity of the law had been vindicated. Each of us, in his humble sphere, has felt the same perplexity and solved the same problem. With an only child, love for it and regard for its character compel us to notice and correct its faults. When the family increases, then the effect upon the other children of suffering an offense to pass unnoticed adds a new and powerful element to our duty. There is an end of family government, or every offense must receive its just recompense of reward.

Thus, also, the judge of the court can not, dare not, be moved, even by the tears of true contrition, to spare the guilty. Society would be subverted unless wrong and crime were punished.

Hence I submit: if only thus domestic and civil government can be maintained, must not the Judge of all the earth, aye, of all the universe, do right? for His family is the family of worlds, and we know not how vast the scheme of which humanity is a single factor. Oh, this sin, "Against the high supremacy of heaven! who can estimate its enormity?" We may well ponder these words from Charles Cuthbert Hall, in his "The Gospel of the Divine Sacrifice" (pp. 20-22): "It is in realizing what sin is to God that we have most signally failed, and in failing here we have failed to realize

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the true intensity of those blended passions—the passion of wrath and the passion of love—that meet in the atonement. Who can realize what sin is to God; how horrible an offense to His nature; how grave an intrusion upon the order of His universe; how intolerable a condition which must be beaten down and stamped out with the vengeance of righteousness? They who suppose that wrath against sin is incompatible with God's Fatherhood show by that supposition that they have failed to grasp the essential conditions of life as they exist in a holy being. We have not understood what God is until we are able to speak of the wrath of holy love against sin. If God is love and God is holy, the wrath of holy love, august, terrible, pure, is the necessary condition of such a being in the presence of sin. There is a wrath, known on earth, which is born of sinfulness and is filled with hatred. Such wrath is of the devil, a hellish passion. But the wrath of holy love, the protest of God's truth and beauty and purity and love against that which by disorganizing the universe obstructs His purpose of eternal affection toward a race made in His own image, born out of His own life: O, what is sin to God! If we in moments of pure and noble thought have suddenly been stricken by it, and have felt the just wrath of righteousness rising up within us, what must be the wrath of God against the sin cherished in human lives, pursued and followed after by human passions, wrought

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out to the foul and bitter end in human histories!" It is only when we approximate this conception that we have even a faint notion of God's amazing love, it providing a way by which we may be saved. We stagger under the thought of that stupendous, that infinite love, which led Christ to make a sacrifice that would satisfy the claims of the moral government of the universe. Man, the offender, must suffer; hence He became man, and by the glory of His own nature exalted the offering, so that for His sake God could be just to the universe, and yet justify those who believe in Christ. We were poor, helpless, bankrupt sinners; yet "Jesus died and paid it all, all the debt we owe." So saith St. Paul: "God hath set forth Christ to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to *declare* His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to *DECLARE*, I say, at this time His *righteousness: that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.*" (Rom. 3: 25, 26.)

Thus much for the relation of the suffering; next, the relation of satisfaction. This, in its Godward aspect, is satisfaction that every claim of divine justice was fully met. There is a maudlin sentiment lately that exalts divine love at the expense of divine justice, and indulges a cheap and unsolicited pity for even a theoretical subjection of the Son to the Father. But love at the expense of justice ceases to be love. What would be love

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to one would be wrong to another. When Christ declared the righteousness of God, He declared His love; and His pleasure and satisfaction must have been as great in one as in the other.

Forsyth's words are strong, "Any conception of God which exalts His Fatherhood at the cost of His Holiness or to its neglect, unsettles the moral throne of the universe." Good Dr. Watts had a clear vision when he wrote:

"Part of the name divinely stands,
On all Thy creatures writ;
They show the labors of Thy hands,
Or impress of Thy feet.

"But when we view Thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

"Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dare a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace."

But perhaps it is His manward satisfaction that is here chiefly intended. The effectiveness of the plan alone can give Him satisfaction. To be effective it must be able to arrest man's attention, excite his love, and transform his character. Its power to arrest man's thought and win his affection is unparalleled. It was no idle prophecy, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto Me." The simple story of the Cross from the first has stirred

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powerfully the thought of man. Not bard nor philosopher has ever thrilled the human heart as has the humble minister of the gospel, crying, "Behold, behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" Surprising: for sin is the most evident and awful fact in human experience. To the overwhelming conceptions of what sin is, excited by the words of Charles Cuthbert Hall, study it in the figures by which it is represented in God's Word. Figures are used to scaffold our thoughts up to its nature and power. What three things are of chiefest value to man? Are they not liberty, health, and sanity? Strike these down at a single blow, and you have man a slave, a leper, a lunatic. But what are these sad and physical conditions to that spiritual condition they but feebly represent? How vastly worse than being a social slave, unendurable as that would be, is it to be the slave to sin! Uncle Tom was a social slave, yet was he God's freeman. But to be in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity! Also, who can measure its wretchedness? Leprosy is the most loathsome and incurable disease that afflicts the body; but in a rotting body there may be a pure and happy soul. But when leprosy is the leprosy of sin! Merciful God, is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?

Insanity is terrible: our Godlike minds unhinged, our reason toppled, our affections maddened; but the devil-possessed madman of the

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tombs is the spiritual lunatic. Oh, what flashlight pictures of sin! yet far, far below its baleful, blighting reality!

Add the further fact that consciousness of sin is assurance of punishment. Whither shall we flee from the avenger? There is no escape. If to be punished for violating human laws is dreadful, what must it be to be punished for violating God's law! But who can penetrate the clouds and darkness surrounding Jehovah? Who can announce to trembling man the terms on which he can make peace with offended Deity? Christ appears with the striking announcement, "I am the Way; no man approacheth unto the Father but by Me!" If He speak true, it is manifest that He must be the conspicuous object of human interest. But the interest deepens to a passion when He goes on to say, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me;" and "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Who is He that speaketh thus with authority from heaven and hope for man? The only begotten Son of God; One with the Father, with glory older than the beginning of the world; moved by no necessity save the love He bore the fallen race of man, relinquishing the glory of His heavenly estate, passing by angels, taking upon Him the seed of Abraham, becoming man, tempted and suffering as man; knowing no sin, and yet becoming a sin offering; life, and yet consenting

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unto death; betrayed, mocked, scourged, spit upon, crowned with thorns, nailed to the cross by those whose only hope lay in His love; with the dying breath praying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"For love like this let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak!"

When this great thought enters man's heart: All this was *for me*—he is Christ's, and it can not be otherwise.

But not only does it arrest man's thought and win his love, it also, by the power of Christ's example, transforms his character and inspires him with the enthusiasm of humanity. I do not wonder that many count the example of Christ the great factor in human redemption. "Nine-tenths of the modern books on the Atonement," says Stalker ("Christology of Jesus," note, p. 187), "are occupied with its efforts on the mind of man, but nine-tenths of the Bible statements are concerned with its efforts on the mind of God." It is not surprising that Bushnell should lead a large school of thinkers in this view. For it is true that sin's worst sin is selfishness. When we turn in upon ourselves, in the contracted circle of our affections, the expansive charity designed to bless mankind, we are already lost. Look into your own

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hearts and tell me what it is that gives you discontent, distress, misery, woe. It is the rank selfishness that is never satisfied; that blinds our eyes to the spectacle of human wretchedness; that shuts up the bowels of our compassion from those who are in want; that closes our ears against the wail of the suffering; that stifles every noble and generous impulse. Over against this, as heaven against hell, stands the example of our blessed Lord. Angels, archangels, and all the company and all the resources of the skies at His command, Christ became poor, that through His poverty we might be rich; died, that through His death we might have everlasting life. So has He breathed a quickening spirit upon man, exalting and commanding self-denial and self-sacrifice in behalf of others everywhere and always. No wonder that, under the inspiration of His example, Christianity builds hospitals, founds colleges, and leads up the oppressed. Thank God, we are not wholly lost to our Divine Original!

“Lay the young eagle in what nest you will,
The cry and swoop of eagles overhead
Vibrate prophetic in its kindred frame,
And make it poise itself and spread its wings
For the eagle’s flight.”

Every brave and unselfish deed is, in this sense, a revelation of God in man—a reincarnation of the Christ spirit. Some years since the Hotel Newhall in Milwaukee was destroyed by fire. The firemen

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had fought in vain. The whole structure was enveloped in flames, shutting off every avenue of escape. The great crowd of spectators was smitten with horror when, wreathed in smoke, a poor chambermaid with blanched face appeared for a moment at a window in the fifth story, and with a shriek of despair fell back into the raging furnace. Not a moment was to be lost; not a moment was lost. Almost instantly the firemen were on the roof opposite, across the alley, and with incredible skill pushed over a ladder, until one end rested on the window-ledge, the other on the roof where they stood—a frail bridge to the poor, imprisoned girl. A fireman leaped out to essay the perilous crossing. Was there a moment's hesitation? a selfish calculation of chances? a thought that she was only a chambermaid, whom nobody would miss? Blessed be God, no! A human being was perishing! That was all; that was enough! The brave fellow dashes across the swinging ladder and disappears in the engulfing smoke. But, see! There he is again, and bearing the poor girl in his arms! He places her on the ladder before him and, steadyng her, begins the passage, while the great crowd below stirs not, breathes not, but strain their eyes on the imperiled souls. The awful depth to the cobble-stone pavement below is too much for the girl's overstrung nerves. She sinks fainting on the tilting ladder. A cry of horror escapes the spectators. But look! tightening his

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grasp upon her, he steadies the tipping ladder and, with almost superhuman strength, bears her in safety to the strong arms on the roof waiting to receive her! What 's the matter with the crowd down there? They are weeping and cheering and falling upon one another's necks, shouting for joy. And now they seize the uncrowned hero and lift him on their shoulders and bear him with honor that kings might envy—humanity's spontaneous tribute to unselfish devotion to the well-being of another. They beheld the Christ-spirit, and their hosannas were as earnest as those that sang aforetime in old Jerusalem. And to the poor girl he rescued he must have been, he was, for one brief moment her savior! His was the Christ-spirit. Wherever found, it is the Christ-likeness, the enthusiasm of humanity. Christ is its source, its inspiration, its incarnation. And this transforming power abounds in the blessed and manifold re-actions of the gospel upon education, customs, laws, institutions, and governments. And it moves forward in a widening and ever-brightening way, until every knee shall bow and every tongue confess Christ to the glory of God the Father. When the full consummation comes, "when all men's good shall be each man's rule," when sin's fell power is blasted, when spiritual bondage and leprosy and lunacy are clean gone forever; and at last, when in a fuller sense He can say, "It is finished!" and lift up His head to behold the reviewing column

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of redeemed humanity marching in adoring triumph before His throne, then Christ shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.

O my hearers! has this plan of salvation arrested *your* attention, excited *your* love, transformed *your* character?

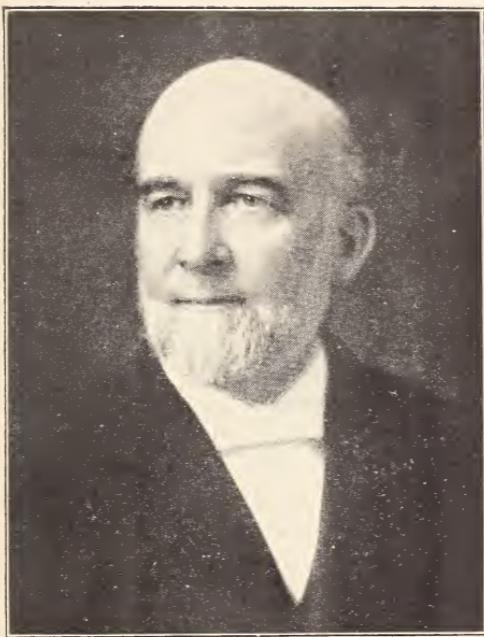
When the roll is called up yonder for that review, will *you* be there? Will *your* renewed and transformed nature contribute to the eternal recompense of your Savior, when He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied? And, my brethren in the ministry, what royal opportunities are ours to swell the apocalyptic host with those whose ascriptions of salvation through the blood of the Lamb shall heighten and perfect the sanctification of Him whose name is far above every name, and whose Kingdom shall be from the rivers to the ends of the earth! Let not our own salvation be our only aim; but let it impose us to labor for the salvation of those all about us who are lost in the wilderness of sin. Taught the secret of social well-being, let us strike off the fetters of every kind of bondage, that the oppressed go free. Commissioned and qualified by the Great Physician, let us heal the leper and bind up the broken-hearted and bring in the reign of spiritual health. Obeying our Great Leader, may we go forth to smite and destroy the frenzy of sin, until the demons of Gadara and the spirits of maniacal uncleanness everywhere shall be cast out for-

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ever; looking for and hastening unto the promised day, when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain, and when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. Then, amid the unfolding glories of the judgment day, Christ shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied!

IV.

THE UNCLOUDED VISION.



BISHOP JOSEPH F. BERRY, D.D.

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TEXT: "*Oh that I knew where I might find Him.*" JOB 23:3. "*He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.*" JOHN 14:9.

In this dramatic exclamation Job is the mouth-piece of the race. His cry is the universal cry. Men always and everywhere have sought after God. Every pagan system, every heathen temple, every graven image, every blood-stained altar, every pathetic incantation, every self-inflicted torture has been but the cry of the soul after God. Though they knew it not, all peoples have united in the fervent prayer of Moses, "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory." They have also taken up the plaintive words of David, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!" And have they not exclaimed with Job, though they knew not how to phrase the cry, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"

Has not this many a time been the cry of our own poor souls?

In hours of doubt, when the world seemed full of contradictions, when life was one great riddle, when to a hundred burning, throbbing questions of our soul no answer came, we have looked up in

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our perplexity and cried, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"

Then, in hours when our eyes were opened to the blackness of sin, and we suddenly awoke to the consciousness of personal guilt, how eagerly we have turned away from all human philosophies and expedients to Him, saying, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him"—the Mighty to save!

And in such hours as God's servant Job was facing; hours of fiery temptation, and of overwhelming calamity, and of suffocating sorrow, have we not said: "Even to-day is my complaint bitter; my stroke is heavier than my groaning; O that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even unto His seat; I would order my cause before Him and fill my mouth with arguments; I would know the words which He would answer me, and understand what He would say unto me?"

But, after all, will He show Himself unto me? Can I see His face, and hear His voice, and feel the touch of His hand, and be comforted by His graciousness? Let us see.

Now, we are in possession of three sets of senses through which the Infinite reveals Himself to us.

First of all, *there is what we call our physical senses.*

We look out through these windows we call eyes upon the heavens above, spangled with millions of shimmering worlds, upon the earth beneath with its mountains and valleys and mighty rivers flow-

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ing onward to the sea ; upon forests whose waving treetops brush the loitering clouds ; upon fields with growing grain or grazing herds ; upon the human form so graceful, and the human face so divine—and in all this we see Him.

We listen to the sounds which greet our ears, the voices which speak to us from near and far ; the deep-toned roar of ocean waves, the silvery splashing of running brooks, and songs of happy birds ; the music of the human voice—to all the vibrations above us, beneath us, around us ; and in all this we hear Him speak.

In the odors we inhale Him ; in the flowers we taste Him ; and in everything we touch and handle we are again confronted with the fact that our Father lives. So that, if I want to get away from His presence, I will first have to close my eyes and stop my ears—become absolutely insensible to every sensation that comes to me through the senses of my body. This thought was in the mind of our poet when, in tones of surprise and indignation, he exclaimed :

“No God! the simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrieks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound.

“No God! astonished echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the atheist lore.

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“The solemn forest lifts its head
 The Almighty to proclaim:
The brooklet in its crystal urn
 Doth leap to grave His name.

“High swells the deep and vengeful sea
 Along its billowy track;
And red Vesuvius opes its mouth
 To hurl the falsehood back.

“No God! with indignation high
 The fervent sun is stirred,
And the pale moon grows paler still,
 At such impious word.

“And from their burning thrones
 The stars look down with angry eyes
That thus a worm of dust should mock
 Eternal Majesty.”

But God reveals Himself through *a second set of senses*, which we call *mental and moral consciousness*.

These are as real as the others. They find a place in the moral constitution of every rational being. Is it not true that all things of which we have knowledge are under the reign of the law of demand and supply? Over against every want has there not been placed an adequate and appropriate supply? Are there exceptions to this law anywhere in the universe?

See how this principle finds illustration in the law of natural selection. See how it is illustrated also in our physical, mental, esthetic, and social natures.

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Now, what is true in these different realms of my being is equally true in my moral being. There is a cry in my soul after God. There must be somewhere an answer to that cry.

The retina of the eye predicates light. The auditory canal of the ear predicates sound. The olfactory nerves predicate odor. The mucous membrane predicates flavor. The hand with its marvelous susceptibility to education predicates something to handle. So the moral nature with its thoughts of God, its desire to worship, its longing after the supernatural, predicates an object of worship and love. If no such object has been revealed, then a lie has been placed in my soul!

Yes, my friend, the primary witness to God is in myself. It is my sense of personality. It is my free will. It is my conviction of the awful sacredness of right and duty. It is the appeal of conscience. It is the solemn, haunting feeling of responsibility. It is the yearning of my soul after holiness. It is the thrill of sacred emotion, which in my best moments is stirred within me by a voice sweeter and stronger than any voice of earth. This, this is God.

The witness of the moral consciousness has always been accredited. Away back in the dark days before Jesus came, before the light of the gospel was sent streaming over the earth, pagan philosophers accepted the force of its testimony. You remember Cato's words. After he had studied pa-

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tiently what his friend, Plato, had written concerning the supernatural life and immortality, the pagan is represented as saying:

“It must be so,
Plato, thou reasonest well.
Else whence this pleasing hope,
This fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of sinking into naught?
Why shrinks the soul back on itself
And startles at destruction?
‘Tis divinity which stirs within us,
‘Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And indicates eternity to man.”

And in much the same strain Longfellow sings in his Hiawatha:

“Every human heart is human,
Than in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness
Touch God’s right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.”

But there is a third set of senses through which this revelation comes. These we call the spiritual senses.

Coming to this point, the cry of the soul is no longer, “Oh that I knew where I might find Him!” but, “I have found Him! I have found Him!”

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Very near unto God have we come. His hand has been laid in tenderness upon our head. He has told us of His love. "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest," He said. And we came to Him with all our sins. The burden rolled off. The shackles were shattered. Out of bondage we came. We were free! The peace of God which passeth understanding was ours. So that while there are many speculative theories which we can not understand, and many theological intricacies which we can not explain, yet, like the poor man upon whose blind eyes the Savior poured the light of the day, we can say, "One thing I know." There are many things I do not know. There are many things which, with my limitations, I can not know. But, "One thing I know; whereas I was blind, now I see." I have a vision of God through the eyes of faith.

But some one who has never had this spiritual vision nor felt the thrilling of His marvelous love, will say, "I can not believe anything so mystical; I decline to rely upon faith; it is a mere emotion; and emotions are intangible, unreliable."

Indeed! Do you discount in the same way all other emotions of the soul?

You delight to gaze upon the chaste, the pure, the beautiful. You call that admiration. But admiration is a mere emotion. It is intangible, mystical. Because of that you do not cease to admire.

In your home is a darling with shining eyes,

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and velvet cheeks, and winning ways, and a voice which, to you, is sweeter than all the symphonies of the earth. When you are afar you long to be where your baby is, and when you return you live in the light of her smiles. You call that love. But love is an emotion. It is intangible, mystical. Because it is such an illogical thing, with depths never yet sounded and wealth never yet counted, you do not cease to love.

Is faith less real, less tangible, than admiration or love?

Look at the great laws of the universe. Take gravity, for instance. The schoolboy will tell you that gravity is "the accelerative tendency of bodies toward the center of the earth or other heavenly bodies." When the boy tells you that, he gives you the sum of human knowledge concerning this inexplicable force. Yet you do not say that because the attraction of gravitation is a mystery, it is, therefore, a myth.

What is ether? You do not know? What is electricity? You do not know? Yet you do not deny the existence of the one nor refuse to have your house illumined by the brilliance of the other. Are these forces less mysterious than faith?

Now I will state what may seem to you a hard saying. It is this: The man who has had no experimental knowledge of the spiritual life has no right to express an opinion concerning the internal spiritual life. I go further. Such a man has no

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right to *hold* an opinion concerning experimental religion. Let me illustrate:

General observation teaches us that water extinguishes fire. If my house catches fire, the first thing I will think of is water. But the chemist tells me there is a substance called potassium which, if thrown into water, will immediately take fire and burn with intense combustion.

“Oh,” you say, “that is incredible, impossible.”

Wait a minute. Have you gone into the laboratory and tried that experiment? If not, have you any right to express an opinion on the matter? The chemist has tested it again and again, and one man’s ignorance is no argument against another man’s knowledge.

Here is the astronomer. He tells you that you can on any clear night, with the naked eye, count three thousand stars in the sky. If your eyes have great penetration, and if you are especially patient, you can count five thousand stars. “But,” he says, “there can be seen through a great modern telescope fifty millions of stars.” He tells you that if a cannon ball were fired from the earth in the direction of the nearest star, and that if it continued to go in that direction without slacking its speed, it would require four millions of years to reach that star. He tells you that the sun is so far away that it requires eight minutes for a glint of light to travel from sun to earth; that if some

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mighty angel, standing upon the sun, could blow a blast upon a gigantic trumpet loud enough to reach this earth, it would require fourteen years for the sound to travel to this planet.

“Preposterous,” you say. “It is impossible that these things be so.”

Wait a minute. Have you any right to express an opinion about the astronomer’s claim? Have you visited his laboratory? Have you used the instruments employed to weigh worlds and measure spaces? Have you looked out through the great lenses, and discovered that what had always seemed to you to be infinitesimal specks of light are really giant flaming worlds, scattered through measureless realms of space? In other words, have you complied with the conditions for obtaining astronomical knowledge? No? Then, if you have an opinion which controverts the knowledge of the man who has tested all these things, your opinion is not worth talking about.

So I say to you that the man who, without complying with the conditions for obtaining spiritual knowledge, forms an opinion concerning the vision of God and the saving grace of Jesus Christ, his opinion is worthless. We who speak with such confidence have gone into the gospel observatory. We have used the telescope of faith. We have had a wonderful vision of God. That vision is more real to the soul than the vision of Jupiter, or Mercury, or Mars, or Neptune, or the countless shining

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planets of the Milky Way is to the eye of the astronomer. That vision has amazed us, thrilled us, uplifted us, and glorified our lives! It is not mere speculation. We have seen God. "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

But can we, after all, have an intimate knowledge of God? He is very great. He is far away. He dwells upon the luminous summits of moral perfection. I have searched and found His omnipotence. I have seen revelations of His omniscience. I have beheld in wonder the evidences of His omnipresence. I gaze in awe upon the King of kings. But I do not want to know Him as a great King. I yearn for another revelation of His nature. Does God, away off yonder, sitting upon the circle of the heavens, ever think of me? Does He care for me? Will He expend any of His measureless resources in my behalf? Suppose I want to put sin under my feet. Suppose I resolve to rise above my poor, mean self and climb toward Him. Will He sympathize with my aspirations and struggles? Will He hear me if I cry? Will He reach down to help me up? I want to know His heart.

So I take up the words of Philip: "Show us the Father." "Have I been so long time with you," said Jesus, "and dost thou not know Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

Philip, like Job, is the mouthpiece of the race. His cry is also the cry universal.

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Now, the demand of Philip was for a personal God. The god of pantheism, whether in the coarser materialistic view or in the more subtle statement of Matthew Arnold, will not do. I do not want a mystical Deity, a sort of universality of wisdom and power, without cohesion, floating about through the universe. No, no; I want for my God a personality, a great, all-wise, all-powerful, just, holy, gracious personality, to whom I can go without a doubt or fear, and from whose hand I can receive good. “Oh that I knew where I might find Him”—Him, not an all-pervading influence, but Him. Jesus said, “He that hath seen Me hath seen” this personality. In Jesus Christ He is unveiled. In Jesus Christ He is brought near. In Jesus Christ His love is made known. In Jesus Christ His attitude toward me is made clear. Looking at Jesus Christ, I behold a knowable, lovable God!

Christ did not come, therefore, to tell the world certain abstract things about God. He came to dispel all the hazy, misty, indefinite conceptions of God, and in their place to present to men a concrete expression of God—a divine personality incarnated in a human life. He came to think God’s thoughts, speak God’s words, and live God’s life. Amazing fact! The baby who was cradled in the Bethlehem manger; the boy who was the dutiful son of the carpenter; the young man who walked, footsore, over the hills and through the valleys

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speaking to the people and relieving the distresses of the sorrowing; the homeless one whose locks were wet with the storms of the day and the night, and had nowhere to lay his head; the friendless one who was betrayed by a disciple, denounced by those whom he had come to bless, and then cruelly put to death upon a tree—this was God!

So that now I may know what God is to me.

I am sometimes filled with vague and troublesome questionings. What does God think of doubt and doubters? Read again Jesus' interview with Thomas.

I am a great sinner, conscious of my guilt. What is God's attitude toward sin and sinners? Remember His gracious words to the woman who was a great sinner.

I am suffocated by personal sorrow. Does God care for my tears? Behold Jesus at the grave of Lazarus!

And what is the measure of God's love for me—is it great enough to bear with all my follies and wanderings; are its arms long enough to reach into the depths of sin and rescue me? Get your answer as you gaze at Jesus in awful agony upon the cross. That is the measure of His love.

But Philip not only yearned for the revelation of a personal God, but he wanted to see his Father. "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." He did not ask to be shown the Architect whose great mind had thought out the plan of the uni-

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verse. He did not ask to be shown the Builder whose hands had lifted world after world as though it were a pebble, and sent it spinning through illimitable spaces. He did not ask to be shown the King all resplendent with crown and sword and robes of royalty. He said, "Show me my Father." I want to see His loving face. I want to take Him by the hand. I want to feel His gentle caress. I want to hear Him say, just once, that He cares for me. Show me my Father; show me the love-side of the Godhead, and I shall be satisfied.

Have you ever grown tired of reading the story of the Trojan hero, the noblest character of the Iliad? You have followed in imagination as he swiftly rode upon his steed to say farewell to his wife and baby before going into battle with the enemies of his country. Into the courtyard of his home he rode, a dazzling picture. The wife came out to greet him, the baby in her arms. The father reached down for his child, but the little one shrank away. The baby knew not his father, disguised as he was in the glistening armor which protected his body, the visor which covered his face. The father was deeply grieved that his baby turned from him, but quickly divining the reason, dropped the visor from his face. Instantly a cry of recognition came to the baby's lips, and he sprang into the soldier's arms shouting, "Father, father!"

Once humanity was afraid of God. He wore

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the mailed armor of a king. Upon His head was a glittering helmet. In His hand was a gleaming sword. Men feared that behind the grim visor was a frowning brow and lips which reproached them for disloyalty. The King held out His hands and said He wanted men to come to Him. But they were afraid, and shrank away. The King yearned to have them come near Him, and trust and love Him. So one day He stepped from His throne, tore off His mailed armor, threw away His gleaming sword, and lifted the visor which had covered a Father's face beaming with tenderness and love. Beholding Him, humanity was afraid no more, but sprang into His extended arms and pillow'd its aching head upon His bosom. Father! That means sympathy. Father! That means undying love! Father! That means protection! Father! That means home. Father! That means an inheritance. We are children of God! "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ."

But how shall we get the clearest possible vision of God? By being like Him. The man with no music in his soul can have no conception of a musician. The man who is devoid of courage can form no conception of a hero. The man who is pinched and cramped by avarice can form no adequate conception of the motives and impulses of a philanthropist. So the man who is without God-likeness can get no true conception of God. Sin

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blinds the eyes. Sin paralyzes the spiritual perceptions. Sin separates from holiness. Sin shuts out the vision of God. Without holiness no man shall see God. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Oh, my brother, put sin under your feet! Have its shackles utterly broken. Determine that its sway over your will shall be thrown off. Surrender all your powers to His service. Let the blood of Calvary flow over your poor soul. Then you will look up, your whole being in holy rapture, and you will exultantly exclaim, "O my God, I have heard Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee." Holiness gives us the vision of God.

But I must wait for the perfect vision. I can not have it yet. Now I see through a darkened glass. I must still use the eye of faith. Some day I will bid farewell to faith, and will see Him face to face. Now I know in part. I must struggle on for a time under my limitations. But some day all limitations will be removed and "I shall know even as also I am known."

"Beloved, now are ye the sons of God." Looking through the darkened glass I am able to understand something of what that means. Sons of God! Is there anything higher, broader, grander, than to be an acknowledged son of the Omnipotent? Yes, there must be. That seems to be only the beginning—the initial step in our upward development. While it does appear to the eye of

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faith that we are the sons of God, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be," it can not appear to us now that there is anything higher—"but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him"—*like Him*—"for we shall see Him as He is."

Dear brethren, it is only when we look forward to the day of unclouded vision that we can endure the burdens and trials of this present life. Anticipating that vision, we "glory in tribulations also."

I speak with deepest reverence when I say that even Jesus was helped to press the bitter cup to His lips by the thought of His coming triumph. Did not the taunts of the jeering Golgotha crowd seem less harsh and cruel because He approached the hour when the resounding shouts of angels would welcome Him back to His own? The mob cried, "Crucify Him!" but the angels were preparing to shout as their Lord approached the portals of light, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." Is this not the meaning of the words in Hebrews: "Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God?"

And was not this Paul's experience also? In the second letter to the Corinthians he gives a catalogue of his afflictions. Read that list to-day when you go home, and wonder again that he was not

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crushed by the weight of his trials. Heroic Paul! How could he possibly endure his stripes, and imprisonments, and perils, and hunger, and thirst, and nakedness? He tells us, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy, to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

And what was true of Paul was true of Job. Colossal Job! How he towers up above the big men of his day and ours, the embodiment of splendid loyalty to his Lord in the midst of overwhelming calamity! I will read his biography: "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil." Well, you know the dramatic story of his testing. His oxen and sheep and camels were destroyed. His children were slain. Then his body became putrid with loathsome sores. The wife, to whom he turned in his extremity, said, "Curse God and die." So revolting did his body become that he went out into his dooryard and sat down in the ash-heap. There, with his three comfortless comforters, he sat for days and considered his wretched state. What a picture he gives of his desolation: "My kinsfolk have failed, and my familiar friends have forgotten me. They that dwell in my home and my maids count me for a stranger; I am an alien in their sight. I called my servant, and he gave me no answer. . . . Yea, the young chil-

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dren despised me; I arose, and they spake against me. All my inward friends abhorred me, and they whom I loved are turned against me."

That was the earth side. How unspeakably disappointing and sad. But was there not a heaven side to Job's experience? Is there no ray of light to penetrate the awful gloom? Will not some serene and sunny to-morrow follow the cheerless, hopeless to-day? Speak to us, heroic servant of God; speak to us of your hope for to-morrow. And now Job summons his little remaining strength and, speaking in husky tones, exclaims, "Oh, that my words were now written!" I do not want them to be lost. I desire that they shall be preserved so as to be a solace and inspiration to succeeding generations. Let my supreme utterance be written. But ink often fades from parchment, and parchment may become yellow and worn. I am not satisfied that my words shall be merely written. "Oh, that they were printed in a book!" But books do not live always. They may be stolen, or burned, or hidden away. Even a printed volume will not do, therefore, for words of such priceless import. These words must go down to the latest hour of the last century. So the old man exclaims: "Oh, that my words were graven with an iron pen in the rock forever!"

Then spake he his wonderful words; words which have rung like a heavenly bell in the ears of the troubled ever since; words which have

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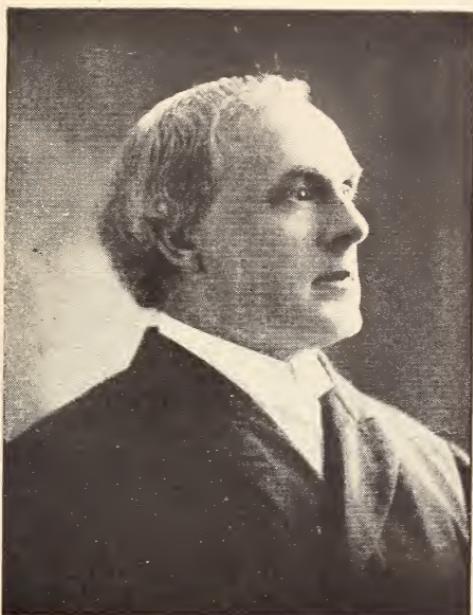
robbed death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom: “For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin-worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.”

“Mine eyes shall behold!” For such visions I impatiently wait. For such a vision I look forward with ravenous gaze. For such a vision my heart throbs with an inexpressible longing. For such a vision—for just one smile from His lips—I will make any surrender, carry any burden, welcome any defeat, accept any privation, endure any pang, and go through any sorrow.

“Mine eyes shall behold!” Wonder of wonders! Joy of joys! No longer shall I look toward Him with dim and uncertain gaze. But with clarified, unclouded, perfected, rapturous vision I shall see Him—shall see Him face to face!

V.

OUR RELATION TO GOD.



BISHOP ROBERT MCINTYRE, D. D.

OUR RELATION TO GOD.

TEXT: "*When ye pray, say, Our Father.*"
—LUKE 11:2.

The greatest brain ever employed in the service of the nation belonged to Daniel Webster. He was the pillar of our Constitution and the defender of our political faith. One day he was asked in a company to repeat the most tremendous thought that ever passed through his mind. After some meditation he replied it was "the conception of my personal responsibility to Almighty God." That is a stupendous concept. But begging the pardon of Daniel Webster, I mean to introduce to you a greater, because more fundamental. Webster's idea is not primary, but secondary. You can never understand the responsibility either to God or man until you make clear the relation behind it. My responsibility to my son is entirely different from my responsibility to another man's son, because my relation is different. At the back of responsibility stands relation, and that must be made vivid and clear to you before you can know your responsibility. If any man will make plain my relation to God, I will then see easily my responsibility. If any man will make sure my rela-

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tion to man, I will easily see my responsibility. Responsibility grows out from relation; therefore the first question, the outstanding question, the supreme question for any soul is not, "What is my responsibility to God?" but, "What is my relation to God?"—and you who have studied the Bible have seen that Jesus continually applies Himself to answer this essential question. All other questions are incidental. Fifty-seven times in that brief record of the four Gospels our Lord comes back to this one comprehensive matter of relation and tells us that God is our Father.

When I ask of you, as I mean to-day, this query, which is deeper than the roots of the sea and higher than the scope of the sky, I see five witnesses standing close at hand—five teachers of the human race ready and eager to answer the question for us. I will summon them one by one this morning. I will put the same problem before each, and you shall hear the answer and make up your verdict by and by.

The first of them is a tall woman, noble, queenly, and majestic, but veiled and with a suggestion of mystery about her. She advances on my call, and I say, "Madam, what is your name?" She says: "My name is Nature. I am the mother of the cosmos. All the visible universe was brought forth by me." "Can you, Madam Nature, can you answer our question, 'What is God? What is He to me? What am I to Him? In brief, what is

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God?" "I can." "Speak." She lifts her head and says: "God is a creator, maker, fashioner, and artisan. Out of the gulf of nihility He brought forth all that is. He steers the stars through the heavenly azure; He fills the abyss of space with a million blazing worlds. He guides the constellations, and holds the zodiac in His hand. When the curtain rises and we get our first view of Him, He is a majestic smith, toiling at an anvil, and the hammer He is swinging rises and falls, each leaping spark a radiant orb.

"The spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue ethereal sky,
The spacious heavens, one shining frame,
This Great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth this Creator's power display,
And publishes through every land
The work of His Almighty Hand.
As soon as evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up this wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth, she tells
The story of her birth.
And all the stars that around her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine."

"Thank you, Madame Nature; thank you!" She retires, and we are grateful. We have learned something about God, but not enough. We are conscious that what she told us is true; but we want

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more. She only told us of God's hand and God's brain, and we want to know about God's heart and God's feeling, and she could n't help us there, for this reason: Nature is only God's servant, and has a servant's knowledge, and no more. If I went through your back gate to your kitchen-door and talked to the hired help about the man of the house, I would learn some things true enough, but superficial. I would learn when he went out and when he came in, what he liked to eat and drink, and a few of his ordinary, commonplace habits and customs; but of his deep yearning, his inner struggles, his loves, his hopes and ideals, I would never learn this from his hired girl. She could give me only a servant's knowledge, and that is all that Nature can give us about God. It is true, but not deep.

So I summon the second witness, an aged man. His head is sprinkled with silver, and his hair flows down over his stooping shoulders. His eyes are dim with pondering over volumes of forgotten lore. His forehead is furrowed with wrinkles. As he comes slowly toward us I greet him and say, "Sir, what is your name?" And he says, "My name is Moses, the lawgiver of the Jews." "You heard our question and Nature's answer; can you add anything to our knowledge, Moses; can you answer this question for us, What is God?" "I can." "Speak! Reverend and gray senior, thou hast blessed the world and been used by Jehovah as a

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benediction to our race. Speak!" "God," says Moses, "is more than a creator. What Nature told you is correct; but she did not go very far. She does not know anything but the obvious truth. I add to her, I increase your knowledge. After God has created, He rules. He is an emperor solemn and sublime. He hath a Kingdom with intricate laws, glorious rewards for all who keep His laws, and awful penalties for all who break them. He is the immutable God. There are none that can deny Him or withstand or gainsay Him. He is the August Ruler of creation, and has bound every atom, even beyond the scope of mortal vision. Every particle He has drawn with chains of law that can never be broken."

"Thank you, Moses!"

As he retires we are still conscious that we have not sounded the depths of our theme. What he told us is true, but also imperfect; for Moses' knowledge of God is only that of a guest. He only lived with God forty days. When the children of Israel were camped in the plain of Horeb, at the foot of Mount Sinai, clouds came down out of space and builded an ebony pavilion on Horeb's brow. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the rocks trembled, the people fell down in fear, and the great trumpet sounded forth a summons to this Hebrew to climb those ledges of black basalt and dwell forty days in that tabernacle, to receive the law for all the race. Forty days he lived with

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God; but you can not learn much about God in forty days. The Hoosiers have an adage which says, "If you want to know a man, you must summer and winter him." If it takes a year to know a man, you can not know a God in forty days. A guest's knowledge is necessarily incomplete. He told us all he knew, and it has helped us wonderfully; but we want to know all the truth this morning, so I summon the third witness.

I do not like his looks. He seems conceited and puffed up. There is a sneer on his lips, and as he draws near I say, "What is your name, sir?" He says, "My name is Agnostic." "Agnostic? Why, Brother, that is a Greek word, meaning 'know-nothing.' We are seeking knowledge. How can you help us?" "It is true that my name is 'know-nothing,' yet I know as much on this subject as any one knows. Nobody knows anything. There may be a God, and there may not. There may be a heaven, and there may not. There may be a judgment, and there may not. Nobody knows." "Nobody knows? Well," I say to him, "how can you be sure of this? Please, first of all, answer, as others did, categorically, What is God?" "Oh," he says, "God is nebula." "Nebula? What is that?" "Well, that is a cloudy, foggy, misty, unorganized thing, of which you can not get dimensions nor scope." "Oh! A sort of a cipher with the rim rubbed off?" "Yes, exactly." "And that is your idea of God?" "That is my idea of

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God and, if the truth were known, that is everybody's idea; for it is the only possible idea that has any truth in it." And then he straightens himself up and hurls one word at me that I knew from the beginning was coming. I never talked with this man ten minutes in my whole life that he did not hurl this word at me: "God is unknowable." I look at him a moment, half amused, and then I say: "Unknowable? To whom? If He is unknowable to you, is He therefore unknowable to all? Noonday is unknowable to an owl, but not to a lark. I suppose, if all the owls that ever hooted in all the forests of the world held a parliament, and some gray old owl was elected moderator, the first motion upon the floor would be, '*Resolved*, That it is the unanimous opinion of this congress that noonday is unknowable. None of us have ever seen it. We have chronicles of the owl-family back to the first one that ever said, "Tohoo!" but there is no record of a noonday. We have heard a lot of fellow-associates, bluebirds, quail, robins, talking about noonday; we have heard eagles talking about it; we have heard little wrens talking about it; great birds that bask their broad vangs in the sun, and little peewees that make their nests in the hedges, have told us about noonday; but none of us have ever seen it, and we believe that they are all deluded, all deceived; and our verdict is that there is no such a thing as noonday, or, if there is, it is unknowable.'" After

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some further conversation with this gentleman I learned that he did not use his words properly. You will discover that he does not mean to say that God is unknowable, but that God is unseeable. If he would state his position accordingly, he would be correct. God is unfindable. That is the record of the Book. No man can by searching find out God, and that is what he means, usually, and is right; but a thing that is undiscoverable is not, therefore, unknowable. We may never be able to come upon it or find it out by our own power; but if it is revealed from the other side, we can know it. There is where he errs. We never did claim that we found God, or discovered God. We acknowledge that He is beyond our power; but our faith is based upon the blessed truth that this God, whom we could not find, found us, came through the veil from the other side, and spoke to man through the prophets, and walked thirty-three years on this earth, in the incarnate person of Jesus Christ our Lord. God is invisible: He is unfindable; but He is not—blessed be His name!—He is not unknowable. There is no fact in all my consciousness, not even in the fact of my existence, of which I am surer than that I know that He hath revealed Himself to me, and that this is the common grace of all Christian people dwelling here on earth. So we dismiss this brother as a man drunk with the intoxication of his own pride. He does not know the words he ought to use.

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And we summon the fourth witness. I shrink from this one—a scowling, malignant face. As he draws toward us, I say to myself, “He never loved one living soul.” There is the embodiment of revenge. There is an impersonated grudge. If you cut his breast open and search where his heart ought to be, you would find a cinder. I say, “What is your name?” He says, “My name is Satan.” “Satan! I have had some dealings with you and your imps. Thank heaven, it was in days that are gone forever! You have heard our question; may we put the same question to you?” “You may.” “Answer, Satan, what is God?” “Well,” quoth Satan, “what Nature told you was true. Moses added something that was also true. That last witness was an idiot. He could not know less if he had a man hired to help him. But I,” and his old anger comes back, “I know more than all three of them. No one walks this earth who knows so much of God as I do. I have had many transactions with Him, and our relations are not yet ended.” “Speak, Satan; thou fallen archangel, speak! What is God?” His countenance grows blacker. Malignity is in his iniquitous soul; and he hurls the charge: “God, God is a tyrant, a great, unfeeling despot. He sits aloof and unaccessible on His throne, and creates millions of human beings, to suffer and to groan in agonies, and die. He has no compassion or sympathy, and would n’t lift His little finger to save the heart-

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breaks of the world. One generation follows another. In tears and sorrow, as they wade through misery to their graves, He never helps, and will not." And as this fiend is speaking, I remember that he has a grudge against God, and I never take the testimony of a person who has a grudge; for a grudge will bias the best man, not to speak of the devil. A grudge will poison a good man's statements. Nobody can see straight or talk fair who has a grudge against the person of whom he is speaking. So I dismiss him. I say: "You are a liar from the beginning, and the father of lies. Be gone! Get behind us, Satan! Go, thou impious and iniquitous adversary!"

I called the fifth witness. He has been standing there, waiting, calm and serene. As he approaches I see that His feet are pierced, and around His forehead are the scars of the crown of thorns. I was able to stand and face the others; but now I kneel. Who was it brought seven lamps into the room just now? Why is everything lighter than it was? Oh, do you sense the heavenly perfumes in the air, blown out from paradise? Do you hear the rustling of the palms of Eden, and the rippling of the stream of life? The very atmosphere of the glory world comes near with this fifth Witness, and kneeling before Him I say: "Lord, we would ask Thee this question. Thou dost know." No matter what others told us, friends, they were bound to speak half-truths, or falsehoods, because

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they were all limited, finite, and circumscribed in their knowledge. Any lawyer will tell you that a perfect witness must have three qualities: first, he must have been near, to see the fact of which he is to testify; not secondary knowledge; not hearsay. That is not allowed. He must have been an eye-witness. It is required that he be near, to see the thing of which he tells. The second: wise to know what he did see. Did you notice that Christ is the only one of the three that was near enough to God to know His actual nature? Nature was only a lackey, and never got a look into the depths of God's character. Moses was only a visitor, and lived there a little while. Satan was an enemy, and that barred him out. The Agnostic never had any chance at all, for he never was in the neighborhood of God; but the Son was no guest, no servant. He lived in the bosom of the Uncreated through all eternity, and knew the inmost throbings of the divine heart; near to see, wise to know.

Some witnesses may see a thing and not understand it. They have no insight. They have no wisdom. They have no philosophy. After they have seen it, they do not know it, and they can not tell it; at least, they can not tell the meaning of what they have seen. But this Witness has the piercing eyes that go to the core of every difficulty. There is a difference of opinion about Jesus among good people. Some say He is God; some say He is man; some say He is both. Men will differ on this; but

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there is no difference whatever as to the fact that He is the wisest Person who ever walked this earth; the only Man who could not be deceived or baffled by superficiality; who looked down into the center of the human soul, and put His hand down into the bottom of it and turned it inside out and showed the vermin in the seams of it and held it for the world to gaze and shudder, and then held it down where it could be washed, cleansed, rinsed, and filled with heavenly glory and made like unto the nature of God. He is the only One who can come to us with a program big enough and power sufficient to do the job, and He has actually taken this race of ours as a potter has taken a lump of clay in his hands. He has laid it on the wheel of divine mercy, and He has shaped it into a vessel that will one day be filled with the love of God. Here are the three qualities a witness must have: Near to see, wise to know, true to tell. Not one of the other four witnesses have these three qualities.

There is not a soul on this earth, so far as I know, who doubts that Jesus Christ always told the truth. Then we have the three complete in Him. So, kneeling there, I raise my eyes to the Savior, and with tremulous lips and all my heart behind my cry, "Master, what is God?" And He lifts that hand with nail-prints in the palm, and with a voice with a silver trumpet says: "Son, son, when you pray, say not, Our Creator; say not,

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Our King; say not, Our Nebula; say not, Our Tyrant: 'when ye pray, say, Our Father.' " Blessed be God, a flood of light breaks in on the subject now! Oh, it is illuminated, transfigured! I might as well confess that those other witnesses had me confused, bewildered. I do not know what they were talking about; and if each of their statements had been literally correct and complete, it would not have helped me a particle, because I could not get hold of their facts. For instance, when Nature told me and you that God was a Creator, I do n't know what a creator is. A creator is one who reaches down into nonentity and draws out something that was not, and gives it substance and a name, a shape, an existence, and sets that which was nihility there before me. I never saw that done at any time. I saw one form of matter shaped into another—a crude form into an elaborate form; but a thing made out of nothing, I never saw. I can not get hold of the idea. It is too illusive; so I really do not know what Nature was talking about. And when Moses said, "God is a King," again I was baffled. I never saw a king. The last king was dismissed from this country over a hundred years ago, and he has never come back. We do n't know how a king looks or dresses or walks or eats or sleeps. I do not know what Moses was talking about when he said God was a King. I had no standard of measurement: I could not get hold of him. And when Agnostic said that God

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was Nebula, I could not reach that at all. I would not know a nebula if I saw one coming down the pike with a tag on it. I never had any dealings with a nebula, and when Satan said that God was a tyrant, he threw me back farther than ever. We do n't know anything about a tyrant. The nearest tyrant is in Russia, as far as I can ascertain. We govern ourselves. We do not know the iron heel of despotism—the wheel and shackles and prison ball. Free Americans can not understand the metaphor of a vast and unrelenting despot wreaking his will on helpless subjects. But when Jesus said, "God is a Father," I saw your eyes shine. Every soul in this house is a father or had a father. Memory leaps up of dear old days gone by when you were a little child, and an honest, hardworking sire at eventime, by the household fire, took the little ones on his knee and pictured rosy dreams of the future of his own sweet brood. Gray-haired fathers come walking up and down these aisles now—fathers who suffered for us and sacrificed for us and surrendered for us and renounced for us. At the signal of Jesus' holy, white hand they came trooping in. Oh, fathers of our youth; you who taught us how to pray, and led us by the hand to church and told us the sweet Bible-story and whispered the loved name of Jesus! O fathers, you helped us to understand the cross! Let me say here, also, that Jesus was not the first, as some suppose, to introduce the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God.

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It was in the world before He came. A few of the finest Jews had it. Abraham knew it. More than that, some of the heathen knew it. When Paul went into the country of the greatest heathen that ever lived in ancient or modern times, the Greeks, he stood in their finest city, Athens, and he discovered that two or three of the ablest and cleverest of the Greek poets had gotten hold of this truth; and when he was preaching to the Athenians on Mars' Hill he stopped in his sermon and said, "As certain of your own poets have told you, Ye are His offspring." At least two or three Greek poets had learned that and published it. Therefore it was in the Gentile world and in the Hebrew world in possession of a few of the elect spirits.

What did Jesus do for the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God? He got it a hearing, a chance. It lay dormant like the grain of wheat in the mummy's hand, with all its harvest unsprouted—with all its potency unvitalized. The world was spiritually dead as the mummy was physically dead. And in the cold grip lay this wonderful doctrine; but Jesus had such a birth, lived such a life, preached such a gospel, suffered such a death, achieved such a resurrection, revealed such an ascension, and sent such a Pentecost that He got it accepted. He flung it broadcast over the world, and now vast harvests are growing the bread of life from that blest doctrine which He caused to leap into life. There are three things necessary to

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growth: the seed, the soil, and the climate. In Southern California the orange trees hold up their globes of gold in the green foliage and make all the Valley San Gabriel fair. You have the same seed here that they have there; you have the same soil, just as good; but you will never grow an orange in Kansas, because you lack the third necessary element—climate. So with the growth of the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, the seed of which was in the world, as I have shown. A few Jews had a handful and a few pagans had a handful—enough to start. The soil was always here: which is the universal human heart. Here then, as now—before Christ came and after He came. But the climate was not here.

The life and death of Jesus Christ raised the spiritual thermometer of this world from zero to glorious summer. Wherever the story of His life and death are told—the old, old story of Jesus and His love—the conviction can grow, and nowhere else. And so we send our missionaries out, carrying to the world the third element—the story which changes the cold, unfeeling, unbelieving race into a soft, gentle, receptive, faithful generation. And lo! these orchard trees of the spirit, laden down with the fruit of holiness, are growing all over the globe now; but it was Christ who changed winter into summer and made the climate in which the glorious fact can be propagated and grown.

Now let me issue just here a warning. Uni-

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versal Fatherhood proclaimed by Christ does not mean universal salvation. I want you to mark that, because fatherhood only takes the power of one; but salvation takes the power of two. God could create us by His own power; but to save us He must have the consent on our part. Many an earthly father has had his heart broken by this. He could bring forth his son in love and hope; but one day the rebellious son looks him in the eye and says, No! Tramples on his love, flames against his authority, and defies him. Then the father had his anguish. Oh, the saddest, most pathetic lesson of his life is there. Your little lad Willie, four years old, is sitting in that far part of the room. For some reason you think he ought sit near you. You say to him, "Willie, come and sit here!" He does not move; he is stubborn; he is stiff-necked. Again you speak, "Willie, come and sit by me!" No sign of a move. Once more you speak in the tone of authority; but he does not obey. You are stronger than Willie. You go over and lift Willie. You set him down with a jolt; but you have only moved Willie's body: his soul is over there. The will is the spike of the soul. You could not budge Willie's soul. Human power can not lift the soul, and that is the problem that God has to face in dealing with us. He has power enough. Sometimes our Universalist friends say He has power enough to pull us all into heaven. How easily He could fling us in or He could march us out! Oh,

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He could take us and toss us over the wall; but our wills would be here. We can say "No" to Him and to His Son and to His Son's cross and to His Son's blood and to His angels. We can say "No" to Him and be free, as Willie is free of his father. The only way to get all of Willie is to go over there and get a perfect understanding between himself and Willie; and then Willie, without any outward power, will rise and come and sit nigh when he commands it. And that is the only way God Almighty can get us into heaven—the only way. He took the awful chance of making us free. God's immutable law, that never has been broken, is that every creature must have in him all the qualities of its Sire; and God's laws are perfect. They flowed originally out of His own bosom, and He must keep them Himself, or He will stultify Himself before the angels and vacate the throne of the sky.

So when He becomes a Sire and brings forth offspring, they must have all the qualities He has. If I get a cup of water out of the Pacific Ocean, I have everything there is in the ocean; the rest is only more of the same. I am a cupful: God is the ocean of life; but there is everything in me that there is in Him: I am as free as God.

Every soul is a spall from the Rock of Ages. I can say "No" out of the darkness that covers me black as a pit. I can spurn His love. And my heart sinks in me as I think there are souls

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who are saying No! to a tender-hearted God just now. He knows that we are free; that He can not compel us; so He says to us, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." He will never come in until we say, Lord, come in, and never more go out. At some of your hearts who are listening to me this morning, He has been knocking, knocking for many years. He has been standing there until His locks are wet with the dew of night and His face is very sad. He is about to go away. I think I see Him turn to depart forever. I call to Him: "Jesus, beloved Master, all in all to us, go not away. Come back and knock once more. Come back, Jesus, and knock once more at the heart of this unconverted man, this backslidden woman. O Lord, knock! Use my poor sermon to knock with. Jesus Christ, do not leave them all in sin. Knock once more, we pray!"

I say it does not mean universal salvation. God can not give that until men consent; but it does mean two things. They are very dear. One is appreciation. Most people would do things better than they do if they could get a little appreciation. We have grown careless and indifferent. Mothers are breaking down all around; teachers are falling by the way; preachers are leaving their pulpits, nervous wrecks. Many are giving up in despair, because the art of appreciation seems lost. We are quick to find fault; we are ready to censure; we are eager with our criticism; we are prompt

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in condemnation: but of praise and gratitude or thanksgiving there is very little. But one thing is sure, a father will always appreciate his own child. There is One, we may be sure, will always appreciate the littlest thing we do. A father can see more of good in his own flock than any one else can see. He can look deeper than any one else.

When I visit the Methodist homes here and there, after supper the father will sometimes call in the little boy and say: "Bishop, look at the boy's head. Johnnie, get out your school books and show him what you know." The father will say to me, "I tell you, if that boy gets half a chance, and the devil does not hinder him, he will be a bishop." I say, "I hope he will be more than that." I like to see the father's appreciation. Then the little girl comes with her books. She is learning drawing, and she will show me a lot of drawings that look like hen tracks in the mud. The father will say: "Is n't that wonderful? She has made that out of her own brain. There is a natural artist, and I am going to give her all the schooling I can. I am saving, to send that girl to Europe. I am going to see that she has a chance." And when he puts his arm around the wee girl and presses her to his heart, it shows the appreciation of the father. And I say, when I go up to my bedroom and lock the door, "There is one who will appreciate my feeble work." My own father stands looking at me now—a man who was sick all the

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time after I was born and died before I was half-grown. I remember it was at this time of the year we always used to make a garden, and plant potatoes on St. Patrick's day. I knew he could hardly wield the spade in our cottage yard. One day, as soon as the frost was out, I dug that garden up. I was not strong myself—a pale, sickly-looking boy. But I could put a spade in the ground three or four inches, and turned up the whole yard. When he came home that evening I took him around the house to look at it. How his face glowed! I learned after that I had not helped, but hindered. He had to dig it all over. He knew I had not gone deep enough. No vegetables would grow in that kind of digging; but he did not say a word. He stooped down and kissed me, and then thanked me for helping him. I had messed and muddled the whole business; better if I had left it alone; but he appreciated it because I was his boy.

That is just the way God feels toward His children. You know David came up to Him one day and said, "Lord, Lord, I want to build a temple; we ought to have a temple in this holy city to worship in." And God says, "David, look at your hands." He looked at them, and there were blood spots that could not be washed out, and the Lord spoke to him very tenderly and said: "You can not build the temple. No man with blood on his hands can ever build a temple." But he said to

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David, "You did well, because it was in your heart to build it." And he got his reward. He wanted to build it; and that is much.

I sometimes think that when the day of judgment comes to me I will have to bank on one of the Beatitudes for all my hopes, and that is this, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." I can claim that. If I ever get into heaven, it will be through this gate, for I have hungered and thirsted for more and more of divine good. That is my prayer, and that is my hope. God our Father will always appreciate our efforts. I may merely have muddled affairs in my anxiety; but He will take the will for the deed and appreciate what His little ones do, and the great God will stoop down and kiss us and say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the Father's house." There is another thing we are sure of, and that is forgiveness. Forgiveness! A few years later, within a little while after the incident I just mentioned, my father died. When he knew that the hour of departure was at hand, he wanted to see his two boys. I was the eldest. I had been a very bad boy; not an outbreaking sinner, but disobedient and foolish. I knew that he was leaving me. My mother had gone away when I was a little child, and I was to be left head of a family, only a half-grown boy myself, to be the chief breadwinner for

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four children and a step-mother, and that all these burdens were coming down on me plunged into poverty. I trembled, and it seemed as if all I had done to hurt my father, every rebellious word came back and stabbed me; and when they called me into the room and to the bedside to say good-bye, I looked into the pale face and saw the white hand reached out to me, and—Oh, what agony I suffered there! An earthly father is like the Heavenly Father; but no human father is always the same, and the highest hour is the death-hour, when this globe swims away from beneath your feet, and you know that you are done with it forever; when you lie with your head propped up on the pillow, looking into the open gates of eternity. The things of this world do not weigh at that time. You are absolutely honest. Already you have turned away from this life; you are done with it forever. And then I saw my father in that honest hour when he was most like God, and I came forward, trembling, guilty, dropping on my knees at the bedside, and took his thin hand and said, “Father, forgive me; I have been a bad boy.” But sweetly and tenderly he drew me to him and said, “You have been a good boy.” He had forgiven me my badness—blotted it out; and there I realized how a father can forgive the transgressions of his son, and forget them all, and see only the good. So we may be sure, friends, that when we come

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up to be judged by such a God as that, that He will deal with us softly and mercifully and lovingly. In fact, it is out of God's forgiveness that all our hope comes. The holy gospel is the product of the Father's love. Jesus Christ's sacrifice is the stream of salvation in which we wash and are cleansed; but that tide flows forth from a full spring, crystal-clear, sufficient, and all-glorious from the bosom of the Father. We must remember that and hear Paul tell it once more.

Out of the western gate of that ancient city in the cold, gray morning comes the suffering victim, bearing His own cross on the road to His death. Around Him the bearded Roman soldiers come with their swords, driving back the mob. Near are the sneering Sadducees, vicious as wolves, seeking His destruction. Close are the self-righteous Pharisees, with their gabardines and their mantles drawn lest they be contaminated, crying, "Crucify Him; crucify Him!" Slowly up the hill He moves, until He stands on Calvary's brow and drops the heavy burden from His back, and I see that they have cut His flesh with the whip until it hangs in purple shreds. They have bound His hands behind Him. They kneel, and spit in His holy face; but He has no defense. He can not resist them. There is no anger in His eyes as they do it. Far off the women stand, supporting Mary, His mother. Upon the hillside witnesses, hundreds of them, are

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gathered, and I fall upon my knees and gaze on Him. His eyes are wells of pity. No indignation, no fear, no wrath, no enmity. If I should be recreant to my high views at last, and make my bed in hell, my hell would be the memory of that pathetic look He bent on me, kneeling there, as He surveyed us all. And now the earth is trembling. The hill is shaking as if an earthquake in the caverns underground, like blind Samson, was pulling at the pillars of the world. I hear the hammer striking, and every blow seems to say: "For your sins He is suffering here. For you and all the world. You added to His pangs and increased His grief and made His heart break." And now they have lifted Him, and dropped the cross in its socket. And there, suspended, He is to draw all men unto Him. And, looking through the gathering darkness, I see streaming from His hands and feet a luminous splendor that rends the blackness; and up the shining road I gaze, and see the city of the New Jerusalem, with all its gates, its towers, its battlements clustered with angels; their harps all hushed, and they looking in each other's faces with dumb pity, asking, "What meaneth this, that the Prince of Glory, who has never harmed a living soul, should suffer so?" Oh, ye can not know, ye angels of the sky! May ye ever be as innocent and ignorant as ye are now! We know what this means; and may ye never know. Now the end draws nigh.

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A smile breaks over His face, and I hear Him say, "It is finished!" And the angels on the lowest steps of glory bend to listen, and up the terraces of heaven they fling it. And they cry to one another, "Glory, glory!" And the bell-ringers in the city catch the ropes and rock the belfries with the jubilee, as all the golden bells ring out the news of victory to the glory of God the Father.

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